

The Daily Mirror

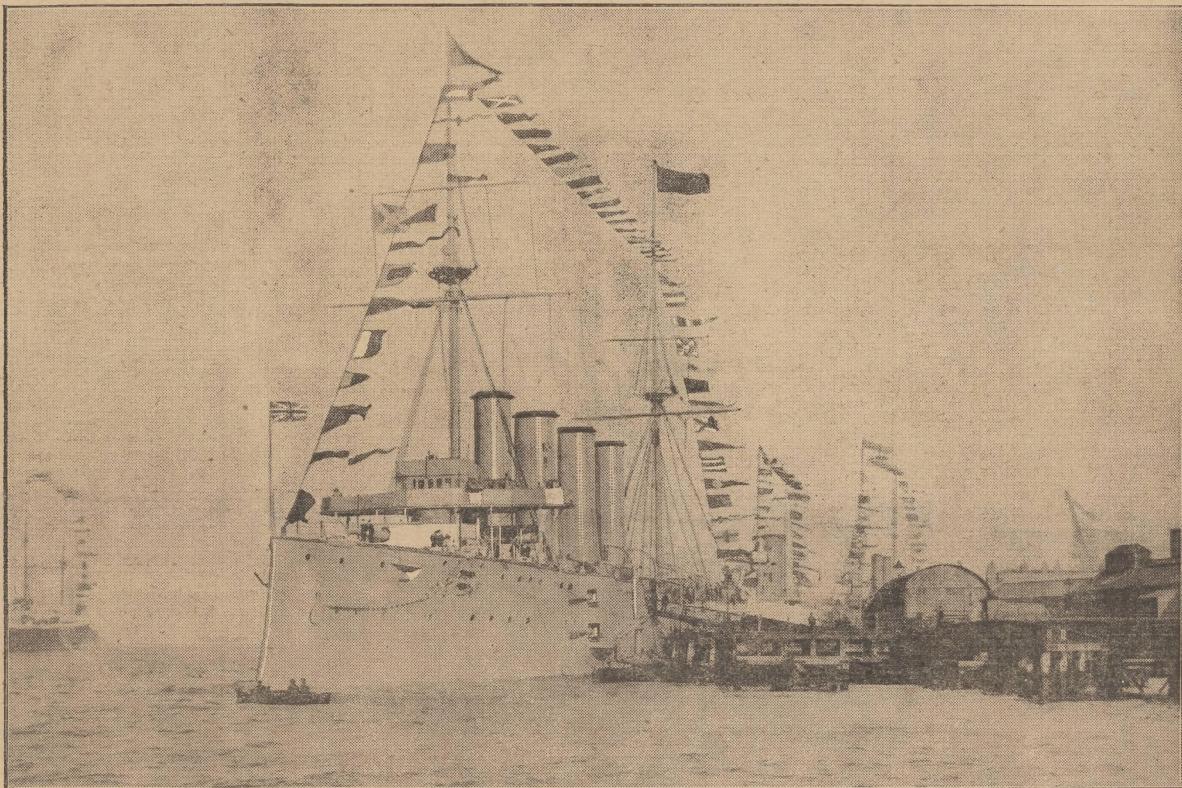
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

HOW H.M.S. DRAKE WAS DRESSED FOR THE KING'S VISIT.



When King Edward visited Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg on board H.M.S. Drake, flagship of the Second Cruiser Squadron, at Portsmouth, the ship was decorated as shown above. Our photograph was taken just after his Majesty had gone aboard. The King dined and slept on board the Drake, and returned to London yesterday afternoon.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY SITUATION.



Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., who is acting on behalf of the Great Western Railwaymen in their demand for shorter hours and higher wages.

THE LATE MR. GUY BOOTHBY AND HIS DOGS.



The famous creator of "Dr. Nikola" and many other well-known characters of popular fiction, who has just died at the age of thirty-seven, was a keen lover of dogs. Our portrait shows him with some of his canine friends.—(R. A. Thomas.)

WILL MR. WYNDHAM RESIGN?

May Have to Quit Office by Doctor's Orders.

TORIES IN REVOLT.

Discontented Supporters May Leave the Government in the Lurch.

WORRIED MINISTERS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—I mentioned yesterday that the Government Whips were getting exceedingly nervous about their ability to keep their Party together very much longer, and it would seem as if we are likely to have very shortly ample demonstration of this fact.

A stranger to the House of Commons to-night would imagine that everything was calm and peaceful, and that the Government might content themselves with the prospect of a smooth and easy session. If the issue rested in the hands of the Opposition I have no doubt that that would be the case.

Let me say at once, however, and it is no use keeping it a secret any longer—the Ministerial supporters are now in open revolt against the Government.

For some time the tact and strenuous energies of the Whips, with occasional assistance from Mr. Balfour, have been sufficient to keep discontent underground, but two events have brought matters to an acute crisis.

The first is, of course, the Government's connection with the Home Rule scheme formulated by Lord Dunraven, and the second, the letter written by Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, as Chief Government Whip, in support of Lord Hugh Cecil at Greenwich.

CONSERVATIVES DISGUSTED.

I am not at all over-stating matters when I say that scores of Conservatives, particularly those of what may be described as the older type of Conservative, have intimated to the Whips that they are disgusted at the whole Macdonald affair, and that they absolutely refuse to obey the Party Whips except when it suits their own convenience.

So strong has this feeling become that, unless a change takes place in the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, the Government are, I believe, doomed to a speedy defeat, which will be brought about entirely by the mutinous attitude of many of their supporters.

Now the question is—Will Mr. Wyndham resign?

To-night the Lobby is full of rumours of his resignation, and the Ulster members are in high feather at what they regard as a signal triumph of their tactics, while several members of the Government are also secretly rejoicing at the position of affairs.

Considerable ground is afforded for the rumours by the fact that Mr. Wyndham left London to-day, completely broken down in health, and, of course, for the moment, his illness will be put forward as the cause of his absence from his Parliamentary duties.

I shall be greatly surprised, however, if the Irish Office will know him any longer.

CONFIDENCE LOST.

To be candid, his work from the Unionist point of view, is practically completed in Ireland. He has lost the confidence of the Unionist Party and, without their assistance and royal support his continuance as Irish Secretary is absolutely impossible.

I shall not be surprised, therefore, at any moment to hear that, under medical orders, Mr. Wyndham has placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister.

There was a very excited Cabinet Council, I understand, to-day, at which, of course, Mr. Wyndham was not present, but I have the best reason to know that the whole situation, as far as Ireland is concerned, was the subject of their discussion.

The second cause of Ministerial unrest and discontent applies more particularly to the tariff reformers. They are simply wild with anger that the chief Government Whip, who is known to be a strong free-trader himself, should have interfered in a little squabble such as now exists at Greenwich.

The feeling is that the Balfour Party is becoming more aggressive owing to what they regard as the steadily-growing unpopularity of Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

The tariff reformers openly declare that they will run a candidate at Greenwich in spite of the official Whip, and also in other divisions where there is a Conservative free-trader.

The situation, therefore, it will easily be recognised, is becoming almost intolerable, and as far as I can see, only a miracle can enable Mr. Balfour to keep his Party together very much longer.

In their present frame of mind there are a sufficient number of discontented members to simply, by their absence, bring about the fall of the Government.

RUSSIA'S PLAN TO CRUSH JAPAN.

PROGRAMME OF 1905.

Half a Million Men to Wage War on Unparalleled Scale.

BALTIC FLEET'S PERIL.

The war of 1905 will surpass everything in the world's history. Though there is fighting here and there on the line of the Sha-ho, the lull which has lasted through the winter is practically unbroken.

It is in the early spring that the Titanic struggle will ensue, eclipsing all the great fights of last year.

Military authorities unanimously agree, judging by the portentous movements on foot, that Russia will throw her terrific weight at her nimble adversary in the desperate hope of stemming the tide of Japanese supremacy.

The manifold Muscovite plan of campaign comprises the following large undertakings:—

- (1) To accumulate the most numerous possible land forces with all speed.
- (2) To amass stores and munitions of war so that fighting may proceed without hitch.
- (3) To make desperate efforts to regain command of the sea.
- (4) To recommence the war on a colossal scale in the early spring.

Should Japan succeed in upsetting these Russian calculations, by continuing the unbroken series of victories that have encouraged the Mikado's forces, then it is suggested that Russia's last resource may be:—

To wear out the enemy financially by compelling Japan to maintain a large army in Manchuria for years, and so force her to sue for peace.

The main Russian army has been reduced to some 260,000 men by the losses in the battle of Hei-kou-tai; but reinforcements are being hurried forward to replenish the depleted field armies, which will consist of:—

12 army corps.
6 rifle brigades.
9 divisions of mounted troops.

This will represent at the most moderate estimate half a million men, assuming, of course, that the railway remains efficient and secure, which is not by any means certain with an alert enemy like Japan to reckon with.

RUSSIA'S HOPE.

General Kropatkin may have under his command by the beginning of May 350,000 men, whose value as fighting units is materially impaired by the fact that they have nothing but defeat to look back upon. Martial ardour may naturally cool after a year of reverses.

Prince Khlifoff is Russia's hope. This Minister has 500 new locomotives in hand to draw heavier trains, and it is very certain that he means to perfect transport arrangements for a fight to a finish.

Over against the redoubling of Russian activity must be set the significant fact that the Japanese are not resting on their laurels. On the contrary, we may very soon hear of successful actions against the Russian line of communications.

As to the Baltic Fleet, out of all the seventy or eighty vessels only five battleships are of real account. The overwhelming superiority of the Japanese in cruisers and torpedo-craft leaves no reason to doubt the destruction of the Russian convoy before Vladivostok is reached.

Without absolute command of the sea the capture of Liao-tung and Port Arthur becomes an impossibility.

Added to all the well-nigh insuperable obstacles in her way, Russia is her own worst enemy, with despondency in her armies and anarchy in her streets.

YESTERDAY'S WAR NEWS.

Desperate Bayonet Charge in the Snow—Thousands Fall.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—In a dispatch of to-day's date, General Kropatkin says:—

"Two Japanese battalions, with cavalry, advanced to the west of the village of Tan-sin-tung. They attacked ten times, but were repulsed each time."

"The attack was renewed on the morning of the 27th, and again repulsed."

"A hundred Japanese corpses are lying near our positions. Our losses were six soldiers."—Reuter.

Other telegrams indicate that the Japanese are reported in possession of Ta-ling and of the pass between Ta-ling and Kao-tu-ling. This position is of great consequence in regard to operations against Mukden.

A force of 40,000 Japanese, according to a Paris telegram, is threatening the rear of General Kropatkin's army between Mukden and Tieling.

TERROR-STRUCK TSAR

Dreads His Infant Son's Life Is Menaced by Anarchists.

TSARITSA'S DEVOTION.

Russia's internal troubles are laying a heavy hand upon the Tsar and the Tsaritsa.

The position of the Empress stirs every sentiment of chivalry. By day or night the Tsar's consort cannot rest, fearing for the fate of her husband and children. The brave royal wife spends the greater part of her time cheering the Tsar in his despair.

She has become his personal attendant, trusting no one even to cook his food but herself, knowing that he dreads the danger of being poisoned. Even the Tsar's valet's occupation is gone for the time. The Tsaritsa attends to his toilet, and never even leaves the tailor or the barber alone with the Emperor.

At the same time, the Tsaritsa nurses her infant son, whose birth enraptured all Russia a few months ago. Scarcely can the royal mother deign to allow the most trusted female attendants to approach the Tsarevitch's cradle.

PROTECTED BY HOSTS OF SPIES.

With the distracted Tsar the life of his little son is a constant source of terror. He broods over the conviction that the baby's life is threatened. To guard against infanticide, the Palace is protected by a host of spies, whom another set of spies are deputed to watch.

The moment anyone is suspected, with or without substantial reason, he or she is removed, upon a vague pretence. When such an incident happens members of the household look at each other as if to say: Who will be next?

The Grand Dukes are no less uneasy. They are all jealous of each other, intriguing to obtain greater influence over the abject Tsar, who distrusts them to a man. Entranced by fear they dare not appear in the streets by day or night.

GRAND DUCHESS'S GRIEF.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—"In my deep grief I am consoled by the thought that my dear husband is lying surrounded by the holy relics of the Kremlin, in the monastery of St. Alexius, whom he revered so deeply as the source of Russian enlightenment."

Such is part of a message sent by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the late Duke Sergius, to the Zemsky Assembly.

MARTIAL LAW IN WARSAW.

It is officially announced, says a Reuter message, that, owing to the frequent attacks by armed persons on the police in Warsaw, all those arrested for the offence will be tried by court-martial in accordance with the provisions of martial law.

CONCESSION TO STRIKERS.

A recent dispatch from Warsaw is to the effect that it has been decided to grant most of the demands of the strikers on the Vistula Railway.

LORD MILNER RESIGNS.

Will Leave for England in a Month—Mr.

Lyttelton Questioned.

The "Rand Mail" announced yesterday the resignation of Lord Milner. The Imperial Government, it is added, has not acknowledged his lordship's resignation, which was cabled to London on February 18. Lord Milner proposes leaving his post one month hence.

Reuter's correspondent states that the "Mail" adds that Lord Milner will return home by the East Coast route at the beginning of April, and these statements have not been contradicted.

In answer to a question in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Mr. Lyttelton said that "neither now nor at any time has the Government decided or wished to bring Lord Milner's tenure of office in South Africa to a close. The exact contrary is the case." (Ministerial cheers.)

Inquiries in London show that the report that Lord Milner has tendered his resignation is accurate, and that the Government is prepared with a successor.

£100,000 STATUE.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, declares that a statue of Aphrodite in Parian marble, now on exhibition in that city, is "worthy of Praxiteles."

The statue is declared to have been bricked up in a niche in Asia Minor for many generations. Its owner values it at £100,000.

THE KING AND THE CAMERA.

His Majesty Sits for Six Snapshots at Portsmouth.

COMPLIMENTING AN A.B.

Apart from the various formal fixtures in his day's programme at Portsmouth yesterday, two little incidents occurred which illustrated more especially his Majesty King Edward's charming personal characteristics.

After luncheon on board the Drake the King sent for Hollinghurst, the able seaman who made the record in naval shooting of seven hits out of ten shots at Whale Island recently. He was at the time described by Rear-Admiral Scott as "the only pebble on the beach in gunnery."

Hollinghurst having been presented by Rear-Admiral Scott, his Majesty congratulated him upon his skill in gun-firing, and said that such men as he were a credit to the Navy and the country to which they belonged.

Before leaving Portsmouth the King went ashore on the jetty and sat in the centre of a group of officers of the Drake to be photographed.

His Majesty appeared to enjoy the sensation of having the *Daily Mirror*'s and five other cameras directed towards him, and chatted gaily with the muddies near him.

"FIRE AWAY," SAID THE KING.

When all was in readiness the King shouted clearly: "Fire away." The six shutters clicked and the pictures were taken.

Brilliant sunshine greeted his Majesty in the morning when he came out from his cabin on to the quarter-deck of the cruiser Drake.

The ships in the harbour were all dressed with bunting, rainbow fashion, and fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns when the King made his appearance wearing the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet.

During breakfast the band of the Drake played a selection outside the Admiral's cabin.

Shortly afterwards Admiral Sir John Fisher, as First Naval Lord, came on board, and escorted the King and Prince Louis over the splendid cruiser. The officers and crew were all mustered at their respective stations.

His Majesty showed great interest in the new gun-sights, invented by a gunnery lieutenant of the Drake and provided at the expense of the wardroom officers.

The King appeared in the best of health and spirits as he chatted with Prince Louis, Admiral Fisher, and the officers near him.

RESERVE FLEET INSPECTED.

Immediately after the inspection the King embarked on the Admiral's steam pinnace and steamed up the harbour to inspect the reserve fleet just created under the naval reorganisation scheme.

The Royal Standard was hoisted on the pinnace, and the ships manned sides and saluted as his Majesty passed by.

At noon the King drove in an open carriage to the Clarence Barracks at Southsea to inspect the Royal Garrison Artillery. The streets along the route were lined with cheering people.

At the barracks the King was received by Major-General R. A. Montgomery, C.B., and a guard of honour with band. The guns fired a royal salute.

When his Majesty had taken up his position on the platform erected in front of the centre of the barracks the march past in column and quarter column of the three battalions of artillery took place.

INTERESTED IN SIEGE TRAINS.

The King was very much interested in the three heavy siege trains of No. 1 Battalion of the Royal Garrison Artillery.

After visiting the officers' mess and drinking their health in a glass of champagne, his Majesty drove back to Portsmouth Dockyard and lunched on the Drake with the senior captains in the harbour.

As the royal train left the South Jetty at 2.45 the officers and crew of the Drake gave a ringing cheer for his Majesty, who saluted in return.

Finally, at 4.40 the train steamed into Waterloo, where carriages were waiting to convey the King to Buckingham Palace. A large crowd was assembled outside the station to see his Majesty drive away. The Palace was reached at 4.50.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A meeting of the Cabinet was held at the Foreign Office yesterday.

The Grimsby trawlers Warrior and Sea King each lost a seaman in the recent gale. Three other men were injured, one very severely.

Twelve people were killed and forty injured by the collapse of a chapel floor at Brooklyn during the funeral of a prominent negro musician.

The first train was successfully run yesterday on the Cairn Valley Railway, a branch of the Glasgow and South-Western Line from Dumfries.

MARRIAGE LOSING POPULARITY.

Registrar's Returns Show Decline in Youthful Bridegrooms.

DWINDLING BIRTH-RATE.

A striking decrease in the number of births, deaths, and marriages in England and Wales is shown in the Registrar-General's annual report for 1903, issued as a blue-book yesterday.

Never before have such low birth and death rates been recorded, and only once (in 1893) was the marriage rate so low.

There were only 261,103 marriages in the year. This means a marriage rate of 47.8 per 1,000 among the men and women of the population who were not already married.

MARRIAGES FEWER and FEWER.

When it is recalled that in 1880-82 the rate was 51.5 per 1,000, and even so late as 1900-02 was 49.7 per 1,000, it will be seen that the decrease is at once considerable and progressive.

Whether it be that men and women are growing less inclined for domestic life, or selfishness, prudence, or "hard times" must be held responsible, there is no disputing the fact that English men and women are marrying less and less each year.

Bachelors and spinsters are also deferring their marriages. In 1902 the average age of bachelors marrying spinsters was 26.60 years, that of their brides 24.86. In 1903 these averages had risen to 26.63 and 24.89 respectively.

During 1903 523 divorced people remarried, but only in fourteen cases did divorced men marry divorced women.

The alien question crops up again in this report.

The proportion of brides and bridegrooms who had to "make their mark" because they were unable to sign the marriage register, was unusually high in London City, Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, St. George's in the East, and Mile End Old Town, where aliens most do congregate.

The proportion of Jewish marriages in these districts was higher than elsewhere, and many of those unable to write were foreign Jews.

LOWEST BIRTH-RATE on Record.

The number of births in 1903 was 948,291—males 482,329, females 466,942.

This shows, in proportion to the number of women between fifteen and forty-five years of age, the lowest birth-rate on record. The decrease has been alarming. In 1870-2 the rate was 153.7 per 1,000; in 1880-2, 129.7; in 1900-2, 114.8; and in 1903, 113.8.

This decrease is to some extent balanced by the death-rate, which has also touched record. The number of deaths registered was 514,628, the rate being 15.4 per 1,000, as against 16.2 in 1902.

SEAWEED AS FOOD.

5,000,000 People Could Be Employed in Developing a New Industry.

Employment for 5,000,000 British subjects is the alluring prospect held out by Dr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, who, in the "Pall Mall Gazette," urges the use of seaweed as food.

An eminent specialist told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that seaweed lacks nutritive qualities, and a man would starve if he ate nothing else for a week.

However, the laver weed found on the coasts of Wales and Scotland, and sold in Swansea in pots at twopence each, is a regular article of food, especially as a flavouring for mutton.

"Vegetarians," said the secretary of the London Vegetarian Society, "always insist on getting pure seaweed jelly."

BOOMING TRADE.

Good News from Most of the Great Centres of Home Industry.

The cotton, woollen, pig-iron, tinplate, and iron and steel trades were specially selected by Sir William Holland, M.P., presiding yesterday in London at the annual meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, as having substantially improved of late.

The demand for manufactured goods, he said, ensured profitable trade in the cotton districts for a considerable time to come. The shipbuilding trade, too, had had a great revival—he wished he could say as much of shipping.

APE THAT EATS MONEY.

Brooklyn possesses a Japanese ape which has a remarkable digestion.

About £24 in U.S. gold certificates, his trainer's gold watch, and a number of dollar-bills formed his menu for one meal.

"PHANTOM" SHIP.

Missing Stork, with £70,000 in Furs, in Safety at Last.

News reached London yesterday that the Hudson's Bay Company's barque Stork, missing since September 19, is lying safe at Charlton Island, Hudson's Bay.

The fact of her safety and that of her crew and valuable cargo of furs, worth £70,000, was announced in a telegram from Winnipeg:—"Crew all well and safe. Furs landed in good order. Ship not damaged."

It was from Charlton Island that the Stork sailed in September. She was coming to London with the furs, which had been acquired during the previous season, and was expected early in November.

Six weeks passed, and there was no sign of the vessel, nor had she been spoken.

In December, when the insurance rate had risen to sixty-five guineas, came the report of what sounded like a phantom ship, sighted dimly through the haze off Prairie Point.

Insurance rates dropped. But in another message the man said he could only make out the letters "S. . . . K," while the vessel did not reply to the signals.

"It was a phantom ship," said the broker at Lloyd's; "the Stork has founded."

There was another sensational jump in insurance. In two days five guineas leaped to fifty guineas, and to eighty guineas two days ago.

The Hudson's Bay Company sent a messenger from Winnipeg the long distance journey to Moose Factory, the nearest station to Charlton Island. He returned to Winnipeg yesterday, and immediately cabled the good news of the Stork's safety.

TELEPHONE FIRE.

Six Thousand City Subscribers Cut Off By Flames.

Some 6,000 subscribers were cut off by a fire which yesterday broke out at the Bank Exchange of the National Telephone Company.

The damage caused is of such a nature and extent that the company's officials cannot state, as yet, how soon the exchange will be in proper working order again.

Starting in the testing-rooms of the building the flames quickly involved a mass of wires overhead, and as they snapped and fell on to the roofs of buildings in Queen Victoria-street an extraordinary sight was presented.

The work of subduing the flames was attended with considerable danger, and Mr. Gamble, the second officer of the Fire Brigade, was so badly hurt that he had to be taken to Guy's Hospital.

CHINESE BABY PUZZLE.

Officials Refuse to Admit Lady Missionary's Adopted Child.

When Miss Carrie Dribbells, an American missionary, adopted a child of Chinese parentage 1,000 miles up the Yangtse River, she little dreamt of the peculiarities of the exclusion laws of the United States.

She arrived at San Francisco the other day on a visit to her home, but found that the authorities would not allow the little one to land.

What is she to do? Is she to throw the baby into the harbour, entrust it to the tender mercies of a steward going back to China, or return herself to China with the child?

It is urged that the authorities should show some elasticity in the case, as it is pointed out that if an American citizen, naturalised or native, even a Chinese who happens to be American born, visits China, marries a Chinese wife, and has children, those children are allowed to land at San Francisco.

SNOWDROPS AS PROPHETS.

"For over twenty years," writes the Rev. William Campbell, of Craigie, in the "Scottish Field," "I have taken note of the date when pulled the first snowdrop. Early snowdrops have always heralded early harvests. Medium early have always preceded harvests with the same time mark. Late snowdrops have invariably been followed by late harvests. This year the date is January 6, so that we may expect another medium date for the coming harvest."

CONDUCTOR'S BATON TO GO.

Mr. Henry J. Wood has just conducted a Mozart symphony with his hands with excellent results.

"I have occasionally discontinued the baton, especially at rehearsals, for some time past," said the well-known conductor to the *Daily Mirror*.

"A baton cramps the hand somewhat, and is tiring to use. Moreover, the use of the hands is certainly more expressive—you can get more delicate shades."

Miss Lizzie Beckwith, a notable swimmer, who was well known in London, has died at Victor, in Colorado, at the age of twenty-six.

'SHAKESPEARE HALL.'

No Enthusiasm Aroused by the Idea at Yesterday's Meeting.

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

At the Mansion House yesterday afternoon the proposal to build a Museum, Library, and Lecture Hall in London as a memorial to Shakespeare was quietly and decently buried.

If the "er-er's" had been omitted from the speeches the proceedings would have been over in twenty minutes. As it was, they took an hour and a quarter. The length of the various speakers' remarks so affected Lord Avebury that he was betrayed into saying "We are here this evening," evidently thinking he had been in the hall for many hours.

The principal speeches were made by Lord Reay and Mr. Israel Gollancz, who are respectively president and secretary of the British Academy, an institution founded by a number of eminent bigwigs three years ago for no particular purpose, which has so far failed to possess itself of a home of its own. Herein we find the true inwardness of yesterday's meeting.

The British Academy is tired of having to borrow the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries for its select gatherings. It wants a snug little place all to itself. But it does not at all want to pay the bill itself.

In this dilemma a bright idea seems to have occurred to it. Why not drag Shakespeare, and get the public to subscribe for buildings in which the British Academy could lecture comfortably to itself, and drink its tea?

Therefore at the meeting yesterday Lord Reay talked enthusiastically (in a Dutch accent) about "our great national poet," and Mr. Gollancz sat by the Lord Mayor and told him who could be trusted to speak nicely about the scheme.

When Mr. Tree proposed that the memorial should include a hospital (presumably for invalids disabled by Shakespearean performances), there was an inclination among the ladies, who formed the bulk of the audience, to laugh. Mr. "Anthony Hope" spoke loudly, but said little. Mr. Bram Stoker made the best speech.

So lukewarm was the attitude of the meeting that Mr. Gollancz at the end was impelled to lay stress on the fact that the resolution proposed only committed those who voted for it to approval of "a memorial."

It was carried, of course; but the general feeling was, as the gathering reverently dispersed, that the great idea of providing the British Academy with a home at the public expense would never be heard of again.

SHAKESPEAREAN THEATRE.

Opinions on the Proposal to Buy Back the Lyceum for Sir Henry Irving.

The suggestion in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* that the Lyceum Theatre should be bought back and endowed as a Shakespeare memorial playhouse, with Sir Henry Irving as director, has aroused much interest. We have received a large number of letters, some in favour of, some against the idea.

Here are some few opinions gathered out of a great many:—

MR. BEERBOHM TREE: "I should be delighted to join in any testimonial to Sir Henry Irving, but the present project is to honour Shakespeare's memory. I consider the Lyceum Theatre proposal impracticable."

MR. F. R. BENSON: "Yes, buy the Lyceum Theatre for a memorial building; let it be managed by a committee not of actors; hire it out sometimes to good outside companies."

MR. A. W. PINERO: "I do not think that Shakespearean drama is so homeless as to need a special shelter, while Sir Henry Irving is already testimonialised in the fact that the present popularity of that drama is owing in a great degree to his work and influence."

MR. EDMUND GOSSE: "The idea of a theatre for Shakespeare plays only seems little likely to encourage the British drama."

THREE SMART WEDDINGS.

Three fashionable weddings were celebrated yesterday.

At the Guards' Chapel, Captain Jeffreys, of the Grenadiers, only son of the Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P., was married to the Viscountess Cantelupe; at All Saints, Enfield-gardens, Mr. Gerald Lowther, British Minister to Morocco, was wedded to Miss Alice Blight, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.; and at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, Captain G. C. Tryon, son of the late Admiral Tryon, and the Hon. Averil Vivian, daughter of the late Lord Swansea, were united.

The King will to-day pay a visit to the Hackney Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, to witness the award of the championships.

DIAMOND SAFE.

Wonderful Strong-box Built to Guard Precious Gems.

The Premier Mining Company have ordered a massive strong-room to be built for the storage of diamonds in their new premises now being erected in Johannesburg.

It will be the heaviest strong-room for its size ever constructed.

To the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday, Messrs Rattner, of London Wall, said:—

"The room will be 8 ft. square, and entirely drill-proof. The body will be from 1½ to 3 in. thick. The door will be 5 in. thick, and consist of three layers of drill-proof steel, altogether 2 in. thick, and 3 in. of mild steel."

"It will be fitted with the ordinary combination safe-lock, and a triple automatic chronometer lock, which will be closed at 6 o'clock at night, so that it cannot be opened until 9 a.m."

"The room will weigh about twenty tons. We expect to finish it in June, and ship it to Johannesburg in July."

The mammoth 3,000 carat diamond which was recently discovered in the Premier Mine has not yet been shipped to London.

An official of the Union-Castle Company said yesterday: "We shall not know when the diamond arrives or which steamer will convey it to England, unless the news of the shipment is published in the papers."

"The safety of these valuable packets lies in the fact that they are all registered at the post offices in South Africa at the ordinary 2d. fee, and no one can tell whether a parcel is worth £10, or £10,000."

CHARACTER IN COLOURS.

Lady Lecturer Shows How Our Passions Are Recorded by Auras.

Dreams, some almost nightmares in colour, were shown on the screen at the Queen's Hall yesterday by Mrs. Florrie Hayter, who told a large audience, chiefly ladies, all about "N" rays and human auras of many colours and patterns.

"That," said Mrs. Hayter, as a hideous egg-shaped blotch of many browns flashed on the screen, "is the aura of a bad man full of angry passions."

A beautiful scheme of rose-pink, blue, and yellow was the aura of a nun at her devotions, and the aura of the man of science was an orderly, belted affair of sombre hues.

The "thought-form" of a man meditating wife-murder was a spiral splotch of brown ending in a zig-zag lightning flash.

The irritable man who is "crusty" at breakfast-time shows an egg-shaped aura of uncertain hue, speckled with brown spots, as of coffee split in anger.

And it seems these rays have other uses, for Mrs. Hayter states that she cured a paralytic dog with them.

They explain, too, the halos in pictures of the saints.

ART'S SMALL REWARDS.

Madame Belle Cole Leaves Less Than £2,000, and Miss A. Sergeant Only £294.

The many readers of the novels of Miss Adeline Sergeant, who died at Bournemouth last December, will be surprised to hear that this popular writer left only £294 16s. 9d. Her will has just been proved.

The estate of Miss Belle Cole, the famous American singer, has been valued at £1,744 5s. 1d.

Mr. James Patterson Trail, of South Hampstead, whose will has been proved at £304,471, left over £3,000 to charity and a number of legacies ranging from £500 to £100 to certain of his employees and servants.

GREEN CARNATIONS.

After six years' experiments, a green carnation is said to have been produced in America. The petals are white on a background covered with broad, green stripes.

A leading florist in Covent Garden did not seem very sanguine as to the success of the flower.

"We have already had green roses and green chrysanthemums. There is no demand for them. They are unnatural."

"These freaks in flowers," he said, "are never popular with the public; one or two people may buy them, but the majority have no use for them."

THE QUEEN AT A CHRISTENING.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales attended the christening of the infant child of Princess Henry of Pless at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, yesterday.

Her Majesty stood sponsor. Other sponsors were the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany.

Offending Joint That Drove a Husband from Home.

INJURED WIFE'S STORY.

"Married men and mutton." The question of what relations ought to exist between these two, as so often antagonistic, quantities has caused endless anxiety to wives ever since people discovered that sheep were good to eat.

Under what circumstances is a married man justified in refusing his mutton? Can it reasonably be placed before him more than twice a week?

A particularly acute phase of this mutton problem came under the notice of the Divorce Court yesterday, when a wife asked for a divorce from a married man who carried his protest against mutton to what the Court held was a most unwarantable extent.

One evening in 1894 Mr. W. J. Sinclair, of Coningsby, Lincolnshire, formerly an officer in the Lincolnshire Volunteers, and his wife, Mrs. Annie Constance Sinclair, gave a little dinner-party to a few friends.

Everything went well until the joint was put on to the table. But when Mr. Sinclair saw a leg of mutton steaming on the dish in front of him he rose from the dinner-table in his wrath.

Nothing can excuse his subsequent conduct. "I am tired of mutton," he said, "I am going to the Bull to dine."

The Bull is a hostelry in Coningsby, and thither Mr. Sinclair marched. He did not ask his guests to accompany him. If he had, indeed, they would not have consented, for humanity demanded that they should console Mrs. Sinclair, who had burst into tears.

This mutton story was one of the incidents on which Mrs. Sinclair relied yesterday to prove her charge of cruelty against her husband.

Other incidents were as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair had once been dining at the house of the former's father. Shortly after midnight they started to bicycle home. Something he had or did not have for dinner upset Mr. Sinclair, for when they were but a few hundred yards on their way he said: "I am not coming. You must ride home alone."

Rode Home Alone.

So Mrs. Sinclair had to "ride home alone," a distance of several miles, in the middle of the night.

At another time Mr. Sinclair was late for dinner. It had gone down when he arrived home. "Shall I ring for it to be brought up again?" said his wife. Her husband's reply was a push that caused her to fall into a chair.

It was finally arranged that Mr. Sinclair should go to Canada—to a part of the world where people mostly live on beef. While he was in Canada he wrote a letter to Mrs. Sinclair, in which he said:—

"My Own Sweet Wife—May someone reward you for all your kindness to your poor old boy."

It afterwards came to Mrs. Sinclair's knowledge that at the very time when he wrote this letter he was living with a Lincolnshire country girl, whom he had taken out to Canada with him.

A decree nisi was granted to Mrs. Sinclair—a warning to all married men who imagine themselves mutton martyrs.

PLUNGING AND POETRY.

The Fate of Stock and Share Dealers Who "Dropped Into Verse."

He was a plunger who went it too strong.
His partner was terrific, but did not last long;
He came a big cropper, and lay in the dust,
And explained his position by saying, "I'm bust."
P. became prudent, as in future he said,
From Bennett's "Prudentials" I won't be misled.
He drives in his carriage and rides in the Row,
And captains his position by "Bennett and Co."

In spite of this, contained in a "Guide to Success," issued by the firm, Bennett and Co., stock and share dealers, managed to fall to the tune of nearly £7,000.

Losses on the Stock Exchange and differences with clients had led to this sad state of affairs.

The facts were laid yesterday before a meeting of creditors, which was adjourned.

"Spoonie"—"Engaged"—"Cooling Off"—"Daggers Drawn."

Successively through the four stages of love—"spoonie," the "engaged," the "cooling off," and the "daggers drawn" stage—said counsel, went Miss Teresa O'Reilly, a milliner, and James Lea, a foreman baker.

Sir Dublin jurymen and Master Courtenay, the Judge, listened to the tale of woe yesterday, and awarded the lady £45 damages for breach of promise.

Lea did not depend on bakery alone for a living, he played the oboe at a music-hall, a dismal instrument, said counsel, when played alone, unsuitable for a wedding march.

The even tenor of an eight years' engagement was broken when the oboe-player took a trip to Paris. Before he went he had made up an estrangement with a kiss, and when he came back it was with a pearl necklace and paste buckle for Miss O'Reilly.

He had given also a bicycle. "Was it a bicycle made for two?" asked counsel. "No; only for one," he exclaimed triumphantly, banging the table with his fist. "He had no intention of going in double harness."

At this Master Courtenay pleasantly observed:—"We should have some expert evidence before we accept that as conclusive."

The owner of the "dismal" oboe offered £20 compensation, saying it was all he could pay, but the jury awarded the damages stated above.

LOVERS' GOOD NIGHT

Interrupted by Revolver Shots from an Infuriated Rival.

An extraordinary charge of attempted murder was brought before the Bristol magistrates yesterday, when Cornelius Richard Vale was committed for trial for shooting a man named Wilson.

The pair were rivals in love. Vale, who is a married man, had been on intimate terms for some years with a young woman named Beatrice Tabb, who admitted having had three children by him.

She became enamoured of Wilson, and broke off with Vale.

The latter watched them kissing and saying good-night, and he is alleged to have shot at Wilson, wounding him in several places.

GREY MATRIMONY.

Brother's Confession Before Marriage Leads to a Divorce.

Tolstoy could not paint a picture of married life "greyer" than one which was presented to the president of the Divorce Court yesterday.

A Cardif man named Alfred George Harner lived with his wife and his brother John for thirteen years. Then the brother left to get married.

To the woman he married this brother made an admission before the wedding. She said that she would still consent to marry him.

But instead of regarding the admission as a secret told in confidence she told it to another woman. This woman was a sister of the brothers Harner. The sister told the secret to her brother Alfred.

The secret was that Alfred Harner's wife had been unfaithful to her husband, and that her husband's brother John shared her guilt.

It was stated that the guilty woman paid the guilty brother to stop away from his job while the unsuspecting brother was at work. This woman denied.

A decree nisi was granted to Alfred Harner.

LETTER-BOX FISHING.

Youths Think Out an Ingenious Scheme for Abstracting Letters.

By ingeniously arranging a paper bag inside the aperture in a post office pillar-box at Sale, Cheshire, it is alleged that two youths, named Harry Edward Hughes and Alfred Hughes, brothers, were enabled to abstract a number of letters.

Among a quantity of letters found at their home there were communications which showed they had contained a cheque for £10, a money-order for £5 1s., and a postal order for 10s.

Harry explained that, after placing the paper bag in the aperture, he expanded it by pulling a string, and thus collected all the letters.

The youths were remanded.

LAST DEBT PAID.

A sordid tragedy was brought to a close at Wandsworth Prison yesterday afternoon, when the man Harrison, the Deptford murderer, was executed.

The man had cut his daughter's throat because he thought she had persuaded his wife to live apart from him.

TO POVERTY.

Unravelling the Mystery of Lady's Missing £36,000.

PATHETIC STORY.

Burying her face in her hands, Mrs. Ellen Blanche Fletcher, the lady who was once rich and is now poor, sobbed as she spoke in the witness box yesterday of her fear of starvation.

Her receipts and expenditure involving a sum of £36,000, said to have been received before she made a deed of assignment, are being inquired into in the Official Referee's Court on the pica of Mr. Morse, an accountant, who is trustee under the deed on behalf of the creditors.

Among the 140 items in the plaintiff's claim are some £16,000 worth of plate, furs that were insured for £1,200, and a number of valuable clocks.

Two sable capes and a sable carriage-ring were possessed by Mrs. Fletcher, said Hester Stretch, formerly her servant.

Counsel handed a cape up to her. "Look at it," he said. "You won't be sent to prison if you make a mistake." She said she did not think it was the one Mrs. Fletcher had left when she returned from Monte Carlo.

Then came a sensation. "Why didn't you say so when you saw it at the solicitor's?" asked counsel.

"Am I to speak the truth?" said witness. "Well, because Mrs. Fletcher told me what to say when she took me to the office."

"Children's Bedding Seized."

Then Mrs. Fletcher herself went into the box. She was the wife of Surgeon-General Fletcher. When she returned from Monte Carlo in 1902, she applied to Mr. Morse for advice in her financial difficulties.

Her estates were mortgaged for £17,000. She had pawned goods for the amount of £13,000, and owed other creditors about £6,000.

Under Mr. Morse's advice she executed a deed, which she was told, she said, included everything except the bedding, wearing apparel, and leasehold properties.

She thought no one could touch her children's bedding, but the solicitors had seized and sold it.

Coming to her connection with Miss Stone, witness said she was very lucky at the tables in 1902, and as witness lost a good deal Miss Stone lent her £50.

Then she told of a journey to London from Southport. "He had stopped my allowance—there was starvation," she said, and then buried her face in her hands, weeping silently.

The case was adjourned.

MODERN PORTIA.

Judge Says Women Are Better at Altercation Than Cross-examination.

"Women seem to do everything now, but I doubt your ability to conduct a case like this, when everything depends on the cross-examination. Women are no good at cross-examination, although they may be good at alteration."

So Judge Emden yesterday addressed Mrs. Rose Garcia, a green grocer, who wished to defend in a collision between her van and a hansom cab. But Mrs. Garcia persisted. "The business is mine," she said, "I will call my husband as a witness."

Judge Emden: That is the order of the day, the husband sitting in court and the wife conducting the case.

The action was then proceeded with, and Mrs. Garcia lost her case.

TO EXCHANGE FORGIVENESS.

The divorce case in which the Rev. Jesse Wilson, a Primitive Methodist minister, superintendent of his circuit at Mexborough, is co-respondent, is still unlocated.

Yesterday Mr. Jeffs, the petitioning husband, denied the charges of cruelty that his wife had made against him. He also declared that Mrs. Wilson, the minister's wife, had made appeals to him to forgive Mrs. Jeffs. Mrs. Wilson said, Mr. Jeffs declared: "If you forgive my wife, I will forgive my husband."

It is expected that the case will be finished to-day.

INTOXICATED WITNESSES.

Two of the witnesses of the tragedy in the Edgware-road, when Frank Percy Kingham attempted to commit suicide after cutting his young wife's throat, appeared in a state of intoxication when the case was resumed at Marylebone yesterday.

In order to secure their attendance at the next hearing the police took them into custody.

Judge Wants to Know "Judicially" What She Is.

The "Gibson Girl" was honoured with a special description in the Westminster County Court yesterday.

Deputy-Judge Bevan: I want to know judicially what a "Gibson Girl" is.

A photograph of Miss Camille Clifford was then handed to his Honour, who remarked that it appeared to be chiefly a matter of figure.

Miss Dohoy, a dressmaker's assistant, said the girls simply "walked on," and it was most necessary that the figure should be perfect.

His Honour: The worse the figure, the better the dress.

The above dialogue took place during the hearing of a claim for the price of two dresses bought by Messrs. Harrison, theatrical costumers, against Miss Kate Hardren and her agent.

The dresses were said to have been ordered by the agent and the lady, who was to appear at the Palace Theatre to impersonate the celebrated "Gibson Girl," Miss Camille Clifford, and Miss Hardren's defence was that she had lost a fortnight's engagement owing to "that awful abortion of a dress" that Messrs. Harrison had sent.

Cross-examined, Miss Dohoy stated that one of the complaints was that the dress was too wide.

His Honour: Then the danger was that it might fall off.

Mr. Butt, of the Palace Theatre, explaining that it was not because of the dress that he did not engage Miss Hardren, added: "We have had many ladies anxious to imitate Miss Clifford, but none of them have succeeded yet."

Miss Clifford walks in a most graceful and captivating way. It is hard to explain the captivating way of women." (Laughter.)

His Honour: You ought to have a large experience, Mr. Butt.

Ultimately Miss Hardren was discharged from the case.

COMEDY OF A CAKE.

Magistrate's Advice About a Dainty That Was "Burned to a Scrum."

Since the time of King Alfred the burning of cakes has been a frequent source of trouble. The latest instance of difficulty was brought before Mr. Fordham at North London yesterday.

An old lady applied for advice as to how to proceed against a baker for burning "to a scrum" a cake she had made for her granddaughter's birthday.

The magistrate suggested the county court, but thought by the time the case came on the cake would be too stale for the Judge to taste and test. "Why not cut it open and see what the inside is like?"

The Applicant: But then I should lose my jurisdiction. (Laughter.)

"Better eat the cake and swallow your choler," laughed the magistrate. "Don't make troubles out of trifles."

CORD DOES NOT ACT.

Passenger Vainly Tries To Stop a Train After an Accident.

Travelling in a first-class carriage on the South-Eastern Railway, Mr. Templeman, a leather merchant, heard a carriage door slam. It was just before reaching Southwark Park Station.

He looked out and saw a man lying on the rails. He and another passenger at once pulled the communication-cords, but with no result. The train went on to New Cross.

So it was that no succour could be given to Edward Ruegg, a Jewish doctor, whose prostate form he had seen.

Giving evidence at the inquest at Southwark yesterday, Mr. Templeman said that on another occasion he had been in one of the company's trains and seen the communication-cord pulled in vain.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, adding that communication-cords should be more frequently tested.

CHILDREN TEETHING.

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/2d per bottle.

HOT BOVRIL
Repels Influenza.

6,000,000,000 "ARE YOU THERE?"

Nearly 1,000,000,000 Telephone
Messages Sent in 1904.

STATE PURCHASE.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 messages were sent over the telephones of the United Kingdom during 1904.

Calculating that "Are you there?" was said six times on every message the famous formula must have been uttered 6,000,000,000 times. An analysis of other remarks might be inadvisable.

The foundation of the above figures was afforded at yesterday's half-yearly meeting of the National Telephone Company.

It was reported that not only was there a net increase of £19,135 as compared with the corresponding half year in 1903, but there was a wonderful increase during the whole year, as the following will show:—

Gross income	£2,018,978	... £1,835,349
Net profit	2678,346	... 2635,349
Number of telephones	30,959	... 27,589
Number of staff	13,844	... 13,844

Telephone v. Telegraph.

During the year, said Sir Henry Fowler, 995,671,664 messages had been sent over the wires—ten times the number of telegrams dispatched—and the average receipt for each message was less than 3d.

The chief portion of Sir Henry's speech of course had reference to the agreement whereby the company's business will pass to the Postmaster-General in 1911.

The principle of that agreement, said Sir Henry, was that in 1911 the company was to be paid the fair market value of the plant at that time. If the company and the P.M.G. were unable to agree then the value would be settled by arbitration, the arbitrators being the Railway and Canal Commission.

The Government had determined—and he thought wisely—to submit the agreement to a Select Committee.

To Extend the Business.

No doubt some people would say the company were getting too much, and some shareholders—though not many—would think they were not getting enough, but the question was sub judice, and would be before an absolutely independent Committee of the House of Commons, and there he was content to leave it.

"If Parliament approves of the agreement," remarked the speaker, "the opinion will at once be taken of the most eminent men at the English Bar as to what are the real legal rights of the various classes of stock-holders and debenture-holders.

"The board intend to spend a great deal more capital, and to extend the business as far as possible."

The report, upon which the directors were cordially congratulated, was adopted.

KENT COAL RIOT.

Enraged Shareholders Create Pandemonium in General Meeting.

Pandemonium reigned for a time at yesterday's extraordinary meeting, at Winchester House, of the shareholders of the Kent Colliery Company.

At one time speakers could not make themselves heard above the tempest of shouts, in which there were angry cries of "fraud," "swindle," "disgraceful," "shame."

The chairman, Sir Owen Slack, made his speech in the face of violent interruption, derisive applause, and continual heckling.

"Nonsense," yelled his hearers when he said that the coal found justified sanguine expectations.

"The only alternative to the directors' scheme," said Sir Owen, "is merely the foreclosure by the debenture-holders, and consequent liquidation."

"The very best thing that could happen," was the retort.

Shareholder: Is it not a fact that one director has been selling his shares?

The Chairman: Yes.

Shareholder: Why?

Chairman (shouting above the din): To provide money to enable your undertaking to be carried on.

"Now the coal has been reached," said another shareholder, "you are asked to vote for your own extinction—to commit suicide. I say you are betrayed."

Eventually an amendment to appoint a committee of reconstruction from the shareholders was carried, and the chairman demanded a poll, the result of which will be known on Friday.

BABY'S £500 DAMAGES.

At Liverpool Assizes yesterday Blanche Foster, four years old, was awarded £500 damages against the new St. Helens Tramway Company for personal injuries.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Only half its proper value was realised by a Cheshire house within twelve miles of Manchester when sold recently. This depreciation is attributed to the motor-dust nuisance.

Ripon hopes that some member of the Royal Family will visit the city and open the new spa baths.

Chelsea Board of Guardians have offered their workhouse for sale to the Marylebone Guardians, who have the offer under consideration.

North Cardiganshire people are excited over a "two-headed calf" which has made its appearance on the College Farm. It is black in colour.

Love of flowers is practically inculcated in most of the elementary schools in Leeds by the growing of plants in the school buildings. Prizes are offered to pupils obtaining the best results.

In the possession of two tramps who were convicted at Northwich was a diary which proved that they had walked 1,966 miles since October 1. They often covered twenty-five miles a day.

Pathetically pleading for time in which to pay a fine inflicted on her son for drunkenness, a poor old woman at Salford said she had left her husband's death-bed to attend the police court.

Sussex youths are good marksmen with catapults. In the Cophorne district telegraph insulators are apparently the most popular targets, for no fewer than forty-three have been broken in a very short time.

The Huddersfield coroner advised mothers to purchase shilling fireguards to protect their children. A woman who had given evidence concerning a fatal burning case said she would spend the witness fee in procuring one.

As probable successors to Mr. C. A. Pearson as chairman of the Tariff Reform League, the names of the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Ridley are mentioned. The selection will be made on Friday.

One of the recent arrivals at the Zoological Gardens is a young puma. It has a baby leopard for a neighbour.

Many Ormskirk boys were at the Waterloo coursing meeting when they should have been at school. This fact the parents admitted to the local education authority.

The skull of Donovan, the Duke of Portland's famous thoroughbred, is being prepared by a taxidermist for the British Museum, to which his Grace has presented it.

Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, is confined to his London house suffering from a severe cold. His departure for Canada has been deferred in consequence.

For over four hours the Farndale Hounds hunted a fox in North Yorkshire, the run constituting a record. Some of the roughest country in England was traversed, and Reynard finally saved his brush.

With nineteen free libraries, Manchester holds the record for these institutions in the provinces. The nearest rivals are Bradford, with sixteen; Nottingham, thirteen; Birmingham, ten; and Bristol, nine.

An amusing story of Simian jealousy comes from Cardiff. A lady presented a monkey named Jack to one of the public parks. On his first day Jack fought half-a-dozen battles with the older residents of the monkey-house, who resented his intrusion. Next day the monkeys attacked him in a body, and nearly killed him, so that poor Jack has now had to be given other shelter.

POOR MAN'S HOTEL FOR BIRMINGHAM.



The above edifice, erected in Birmingham, is the first Rowton House built in the provinces. The building, which contains 819 beds, and cost £82,000, will be formally opened to-day.

Captain Rawson, Conservative candidate for the Reigate Division, has met with a serious accident whilst hunting.

Maggies carried away ten eggs which a hen laid in a nest in a hedge at Timble, Yorkshire. One magpie was caught in the act.

Beating the bounds of parishes in the Hayfield Union, in Derbyshire, is an ancient custom which the guardians now intend reviving after a lapse of sixty years.

Homeless for twenty-five years, and suffering from pneumonia, an old man at Maesteg, South Wales, indignantly refused to go to the workhouse. Instead, he was removed to a model lodging-house.

Smiling as if the whole affair was a joke, a man with several aliases at Huddersfield asked to be sent for trial because he had taken bicycles from Settle, Scarborough, Hoyland Common, and Barnsley.

Earl Spencer, on behalf of the subscribers, yesterday presented a portrait of the late Sir William Harcourt to the library of the National Liberal Club. The painting is the work of Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A.

Prince Frederic Duleep Singh is so distressed at the proposed dilapidation of St. Peter Hungate Church, Norwich, that time is to be allowed to see if money cannot be raised to convert the fabric into a school or parish room.

Posthumous honour is to be accorded Nash, the architect who planned Regent-street and Regent's Park. His name is to be associated with King-street, Argyll-place, the renaming of which has been decided upon in order to reduce the number of King-streets in London.

Faculties have been granted for the erection in Dereham (Norfolk) Church of stained-glass windows, in memory of Queen Victoria and the poet Cowper.

Municipal trading has proved so successful at Wallasey, Cheshire, that 8d. is to be taken of the rates. This reduction is regarded as the forerunner of other decreases.

With a new crew on board the submarine A5 left Queenstown for Barrow yesterday morning for repairs. Her own motive-power was discarded, the crew merely managing the steering.

Mr. Albert Dyke has made another unsuccessful application to the Llandaff justices for the renewal of the licence of the Castell Coch Inn. For five weeks, he said, he had been living among the ruins. The inn, it will be remembered, was ordered to be demolished.

By means of a new transporter bridge which is being erected across the Mersey, Widnes and Runcorn inhabitants will be brought into closer touch with each other in about a month's time. An electrically-driven car will run across the bridge, which is the first of its kind in this country.

Twenty-five shaves for a penny is the ruinous contract the barber to the Corwen Workhouse, in Wales, says he has to carry out for the next five weeks. In other words, he has to shave 125 inmates once a week for 5d. His appeal to the guardians for more money has been in vain.

Bishop Diggle sent two new packs of cards to the Carlisle police station. This was the result of a visit, when he found several constables having a friendly game. He did not object, he said, so long as they did not play for money; "but," he added, "if you play with cards, use clean ones."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

FROST IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

Many of the thousands who this year journeyed to the shores of the Mediterranean in search of sunshine and warmth must have regretted that they ever left home, for the weather in many places in the "Sunny South" has been much more severe than that provided by our own much-maligned climate.

What it has been like in Rome may be gathered from our photograph, on page 9, of the frozen Tritone Fountain.

It is only very rarely that winter in Rome brings only very severe weather, and our picture of the beautiful fountain in bonds of ice is therefore a curiosity deserving special notice.

The photograph, which has just been taken, is a record of the coldest weather that has been experienced in the Eternal City for a great many years past. In 1896 there were two days of snow and frost, and there was also a snowfall in January, 1900, but the snow that covered the city disappeared in an hour or two, and there was not much frost.

This winter the frost has been practically continuous for nearly two months, and the sun-loving Romans have been having an unhappy time of it.

The Tritone Fountain, which stands in an exposed position in the Piazza Barberini, was the first to freeze, and those in the square of St. Peter's soon followed suit.

OBEDIENT SEA-LION.

The sea-lion which appears in the photograph on page 9 is no merely ordinary animal; he is also a shining moral example.

Jumbo, as he is called, plays the lead in the troupe of sea-lions now appearing at the Hackney Empire, and it was to test his obedience and self-restraint that he was allowed to follow Captain Woodward, the owner of the troupe, into a fishmonger's shop.

Seeing no reason why he should not seize such a rare opportunity to make a hearty meal, Jumbo promptly attacked a pile of whiting that happened to attract his notice. But it only required one word from Captain Woodward to make the well-brought-up animal turn away from the appetising fish and return to the vehicle which was waiting outside the shop.

NEW THAMES STEAMBOATS.

On page 9 there is a photograph of some of the new steamboats that are soon to ply on the Thames, under the superintendence of the London County Council.

Our picture makes it evident that the work of building the new fleet is well in hand, and, in point of fact, it is so far advanced that there is every reason to suppose some of the new boats will be ploughing their more or less silvery waters of our long-neglected river by the early days of May.

The boats shown in the photograph are building at the Thames Ironworks Company's yard at Blackwall, where they have aroused a good deal of interest.

THE WORK OF THE GALE.

The gale of Sunday wrought havoc round our coasts. Photographs of two of its victims are reproduced on page 8.

One shows all that is left of the French ketch Louis of Boulogne, which was driven ashore at Cribcable Point, in Mount's Bay, on the Cornish coast. A few minutes after she struck, the force of the waves shattered the vessel into matchwood, and her captain and one of the crew were drowned. Three other members of the crew escaped by making a perilous jump to the nearest rock.

The other is a photograph of the storm-battered barque which was caught by a heavy squall off the Shambles lightship near Weymouth and very nearly founder. Her sails were blown away, and the crew had to take to the rigging, as the seas were breaking completely over the vessel.

THE RAILWAYMEN'S CHAMPION.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., whose portrait appears on page 1, is one of the best known of the Labour members in the House of Commons, and wields a wide influence as the head of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

The guards, signalmen, and shunters of the Great Western Railway have entrusted to him their case for improved conditions of labour. His discretion in dealing with matters of dispute between employers and employees has already been well proved.

* * * The latest home news is what the Briton abroad wants, and the Overseas "Daily Mail" undoubtedly contains the best weekly budget.

On receipt of 5s. this unique journal is sent, postage paid, for 52 weeks to any postal address in the world.

A specimen copy forwarded on application to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905

PANIC-STRICKEN PALACE

VERY painful is the account given by a Vienna paper of the harassing anxieties which day and night torment Tsar and his unhappy Consort. Their constant fear, it seems, is that attempts may be made to harm their baby son—the longed-for heir to the throne.

Ever since the little boy's birth the Tsaritsa left the Imperial nurses very little to do. She attends to him entirely herself. Servants are scarcely permitted to approach the gorgeous cradle.

In addition to her unremitting duties as a nurse, the Empress keeps close watch upon who approach the Tsar. She superintends carefully the preparation of his food, a haunting fear of poison in her mind. Even keeps a sharp eye upon the valets assist his Majesty to dress, the barber cuts his hair, the laundress who starches shirts.

Everyone is under observation. The police swarm with spies. Every spy, moreover, is watched by another spy—and knows The panic in the breasts of the Sovereigns makes the whole Court a place of haggard fear, of shivering, shifty-eyed suspicion. Fear and confidence have fled in company. Surely there could be no creatures so foolish as to plot the Tsar's death, or so incredibly bold and contemptible as to strike at him through his infant heir. Either act would create from the Popular Party in Russia sympathies of the whole world. We can believe there is any solid ground for their enemies' terror.

Even this does not make their situation any the less pitiful, or give them, as unfeeling human beings, less of a claim upon human sympathies.

WAR UPON BEGGARS.

The authorities are about to make an effort to clear the beggars from the streets of London.

The all-sweeping besom of sectarianism is uplift with many-handed sway to sweep the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear mendicity from the metropolis.

We do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impudent crusade or "bellum exterminationem," proclaimed against the beggars. Much good might be sucked from the beggars.

The mendicants of this great city were so ugly by their sights, her lions. I can no more bear them than I could the cries of them. Let them be not frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—give, and ask questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares entertained us.

But not thy purse-strings always against imminent distress. Act a charity sometimes. Even a poor creature (outwardly and visibly) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children" in whose name he implores thy assistance have a profitable existence.

Take not into the bowels of unwelcome to save a halfpenny. It is good to be kind to him. If he be not all that he pretends to be, and under a personate father of a family (if thou please) that thou hast saved an indigent bachelor.

When they come with their counterfeit looks mumping tones, think them players. You give your money to see a comedian feign the gags, which, concerning these poor people, I cannot not certainly tell whether they are dead or not.—From Charles Lamb's essay *The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The test of every religious, political, or educational system is the man which it forms. If it injures the intelligence it is bad. If it injures the character it is vicious. If it injures the conscience it is criminal.—Amiel.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, who has got into some rather warm water over his speech about the decreasing profits of weekly illustrated journalism at the meeting of the "Illustrated London News" Company, belongs to an old journalistic house. His father, Mr. Herbert Ingram, was really the founder of modern illustrated journalism. He used to keep a newsagent's shop in Nottingham, and noticed there that his customers always asked for the "London News" without specifying any particular paper. That gave Ingram the idea of starting a "London News" with illustrations in it.

The "Illustrated London News" was a success from the outset. At the end of its first year it had a circulation, immense for those days, of 60,000 copies. Mr. Ingram met his end in a tragic manner. He was on his way to America with his eldest son and a special artist, who was to illustrate the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada in 1860.

On Lake Michigan the Ingolds, father and son, were both drowned in the steamer Lady Elgin. Sir William Ingram then took up the work, and has been, until lately, very successful. I remember, when I was last at Monte Carlo, admiring the beautiful villa and gardens in which illustrated weekly journalism has enabled him to spend his leisure days.

Sir William T. Lewis, of Cardiff, who at the age of sixty-eight has been appointed to sit on a Board of Trade Shipping Committee, is one of the few people who have had statues erected during their lives. In a South Wales town Sir William can see how he will look to future generations. It is not a very inspiring sight. But then Sir William is not a very imposing old man. In business he has few equals. He practically made Cardiff. But that does not necessarily make a man a good sculptor's model.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, Socialist, playwright, dress reformer, and vegetarian, is positively becoming popular! He will be terribly annoyed at the

announcement, but so it is. His play "Candida" ran for a whole season in New York, and now, here in London, his "John Bull's Other Island," after a series of crowded afternoon performances at the Court Theatre, is to be played on the evening of March 11, "by the special desire of a very distinguished personage," whom I have good reason for believing to be none other than the King. Really, if this goes on, Mr. Shaw will become a capitalist of some importance, and will go about the country, like Lady Warwick, preaching socialism from a luxuriant red motor-car.

It would be a great pity if "G. B. S." were to become contented with the social scheme around him. Then, perhaps, we should see him no more in those amazing Jaeger vestments which he displays in theatres and at concerts. He would become commonplace, parochial, a model citizen. At present, he is the most amusing man in London. I remember how delightful he was on the first night of his play: "Arms and the Man." There was a howl for the author. After the performance "G. B. S." appeared, bowed, opened his mouth to speak. Suddenly there came a voice from the gallery: "No speed!" "G. B. S." bowed once more. "I quite agree with you," he said, addressing the "voice," but what are we two amongst so many?" And he pointed to the rest of the house.

It is very surprising to read, as I did in the papers yesterday, that Mrs. Roosevelt is having a very expensive gown, with silk in it, which cost £200, made for her husband's inauguration ball on Saturday, because, up till now, Mrs. Roosevelt has always shown herself to be extremely quiet and economical in her dress. I remember hearing of an interesting conversation on the subject which took place between Mrs. Roosevelt and some friends who were taking tea with her at White House not long ago. A very rich member of the tea-party announced that she had just paid £8 for a silk underskirt.

Mrs. Roosevelt was horrified. "Why," she said, "I scarcely pay more than that for an entire silk dress." And she began to give the others a little lesson in economical dressing. She told them that during her early married life, when her husband was earning £700 a year as Civil Service Commissioner, she made herself quite presentable at £60. There was an outcry against this—everybody declared that it was impossible to dress at £60 a year. Then Mrs. Roosevelt entered into an explanation which showed her to be almost an expert dressmaker, a woman of admirable taste, and an ideal housewife.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, that much-be-paraphrased young lady, is more extravagant. The Americans always give columns to her dress when she appears at any public function. Once it was asserted that she was about to introduce the fashion of wearing a small, expensively-mounted snake as a girdle. The rumour spread about. Finally, Dr. Edmunds, of Indianapolis, in a swell club, made a bet of £1,000 to £200 that the story was untrue. A syndicate of the clubmen wrote to Miss Roosevelt about it. She denied the story, Dr. Edmunds won his bet, and, it should be added, the President of the United States was furiously indignant at all the publicity which had been given to his family affairs.

The young Duke of Leinster, who celebrates his eighteenth birthday to-day, is now much stronger than he was before he went on his Australian voyage a year or two ago. He had outgrown his strength a little, and as he comes of a delicate family, it was thought wise to send him away for a long change. The Duke has had rather a sad history. He was born heir to the first of Irish dukedoms and to a great estate in the richest part of Ireland. But he lost both his parents—they died within two years of one another—when he was a little child. His mother was the most beautiful woman of her day.

A curious story, by the way, is told of the origin of the ducal crest of the House of Leinster. The crest shows two monkeys supporting the family shield. It is said that centuries ago a fire broke out in the home of the Duke's ancestors. Everyone was hurried out of the house, except the young heir, who was forgotten, on one of the upper floors. All were in despair. It seemed impossible to rescue him. At last a large monkey, a family pet, was seen climbing up to the nursery window. The monkey disappeared into the room. In a moment it came out again, carrying the child, which it brought safely to the ground.

IN MY GARDEN.

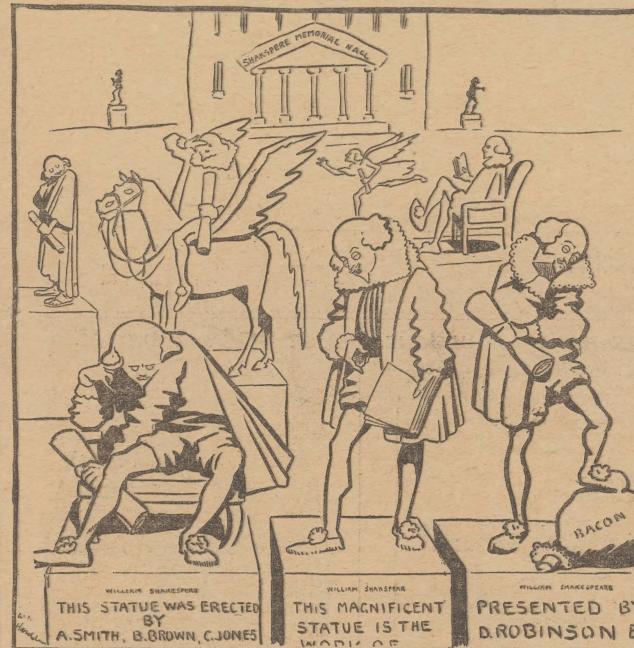
FEBRUARY 1.—The garden has once more been covered with snow, but rain and sunshine soon master it. The sun is on the road to victory. Can it be winter when outdoor work is possible until six o'clock?

The ruddy shoots of the "bleeding heart" (to be professional, "dicentra spectabilis") peep above ground. This well-known and beautiful plant blooms in late spring. It may still be put in. Many plants (like the above), though very often grown indoors, flourish in the garden.

Among them are several of the lovely spiraea (splendid for shady corners), and the hydrangea. The latter prefers a position near a sunny south-wall.

E. F. T.

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIALS THAT WE DON'T WANT.



Plans are on foot that some people think amount to extending a sort of Philistine patronage to Shakespeare, and giving him a sort of moral endorsement. Statues are suggested and memorial halls in which stodgy lectures shall be delivered by the kind of people who write mediocre prefaces to his works. A protest has been made against lowering the grand name of Shakespeare by putting it on hideous cast-iron statues such as we have too many in London already.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.

A secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, he is very much the man of the moment, for he can make or mar the negotiations which will affect 20,000 men on the Great Western Railway.

And the railwaymen could not have a better man as their leader, for while he is not afraid of a strike he does not believe that strikes are the only cure for every disagreement.

Not much over forty years ago he got his first glimpse of this world, and not many years after that he was earning experience as an office-boy. Then he joined the Great Western, and soon became a guard and learned what it meant to work long hours and keep a family on 22s. a week.

In the meantime his fellow railway servants were learning to trust him, and fifteen years ago he became an official of the society. In 1900 he was elected an M.P. for Derby, the great railway centre. Though essentially a Labour M.P., there is nothing of the professional agitator about him. Even as a speaker, though his oratory is forcible and rugged, he has nothing of the "street corner" manner about him.

In appearance he has something the look of an Army man, with his fierce moustache and straight-gazing eyes. If only he would wear a higher collar he would pass for a retired major.

The discipline with which he has ruled his society is in keeping with his appearance. It has been whispered more than once that he does not represent so much as direct it.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

Doctor (coming into waiting-room full of patients): Who comes first? Who has been waiting the longest?

Shoemaker (holding out a bill): Here, Doctor, I have been waiting a whole year.—"Feuster Gucker" (Austrian).

"How is your boy doing at college?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Comtosell. "He knows more now than anybody around here. All he needs now is sense enough around to make people mad by his way of showin' it."—Washington Star.

"Were you with Noah in the Ark, grandpa?"

"No, my child."

"Then, how is it you weren't drowned?"

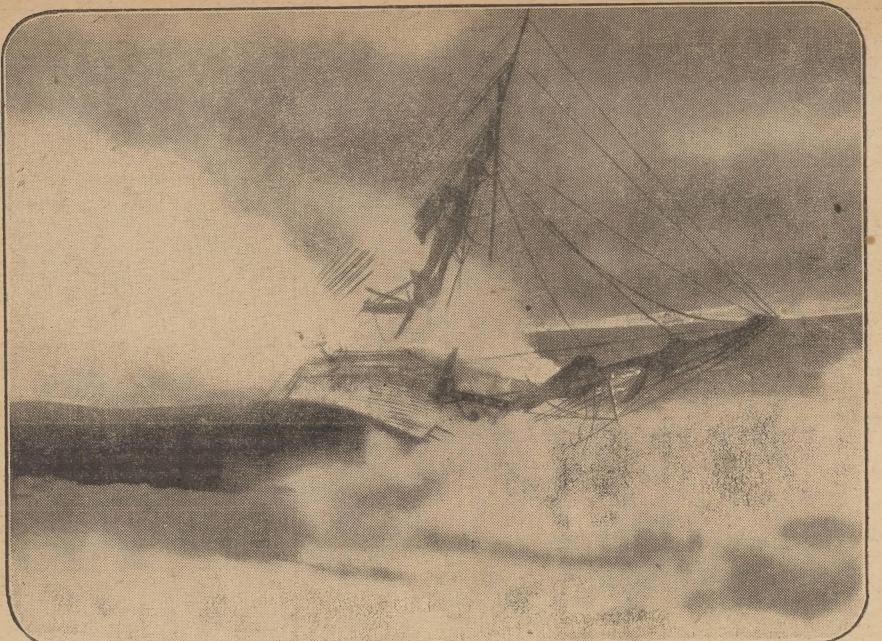
"Kladderadach" (German).

"I don't see why you asked Mr. Bohr to sing," said the popular girl's sister. "I hated to do it," was the reply, "but it was the only way to make him stop talking."—Birmingham Dart.

Doctor: Haven't I told you that beer is absolute poison to you in your present state of health, and here I find you drinking it? What do you mean by it?

"I—I was trying to poison myself."—Dorfbarber" (German).

THE GREAT GALE: BARQUE ASHORE.



The barque County of Anglesea, which was driven on the rocks off the Shambles Lightship, Weymouth, in the great gale. The seas completely broke over the vessel, as shown in our photograph, and the crew were only rescued with difficulty by the Farnham Watch lifeboat. Two tugs, after standing by for some hours, managed to tow the barque on her beam ends into Weymouth Harbour.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE LOUIS OF BOULOGNE.



The wreckage of the French ketch Louis of Boulogne lying on the beach in Mount's Bay, near Poldhu. The ship, which was of 145 tons register, went ashore off Cricke-bello Point, and became a total wreck in a few minutes. The captain and one of the crew were drowned.—(Hawke.)

RIVAL REVIVALISTS—WHICH IS WHICH?



The above photographs show the remarkable likeness between Mr. Alexander, of the Torrey-Alexander Mission, and Mr. Raymond Hemminger, of the Temperance Reform Mission now being held at Westbourne Park.—(Haines.)

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



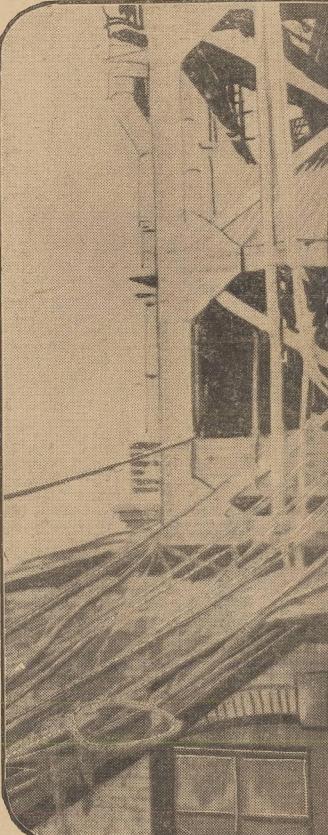
Lady Magheramorne, the first peer's widow, who is to be married to-day to—



—the Hon. Hugo Baring, who is a lieutenant in the 4th Hussars, and brother to the present Lord Revelstoke.—(Russell.)

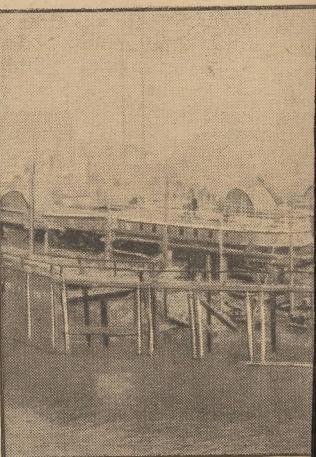
Interesting
the Day

TELEPHONE EXCH



Owing to a fire at the Bank Exchange that was organised yesterday, Numerous subscribers to the collapse of the cables, as seen in the above photograph, of the Fire Brigade, was injured during

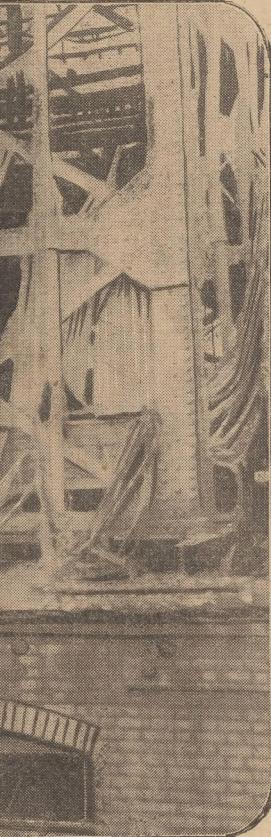
THAMES' NEW SP



Seven of the fleet of new penny steamboats at the Ironworks, Blackwall. It is expected that they will begin to run in May.—

graphs of
News.

BURNT OUT.



SEA-LION IN FISH SHOP—QUEER SCENE IN LONDON.



The photograph on the left shows Captain Woodward and Jumbo, the king of his troupe of sea-lions, in a Hackney fishmonger's shop. The sea-lion followed the captain into the shop, but, on his master's bidding, refrained from stealing any of the fish. The animals were induced to move to their quarters at the Hackney Empire, by an enormous meal of fish, which they can be seen enjoying in the other photograph.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)

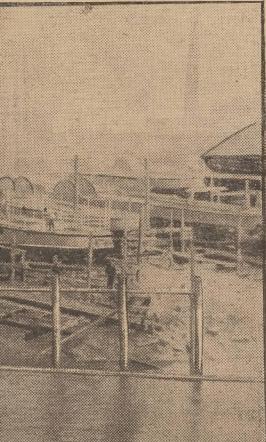
GORKY RELEASED ON BAIL.



The Russian Ministry of Justice has assented to the liberation of Maxime Gorky on bail in a sum of £1,000. After seeing his family, the great Russian revolutionary agitator was deported from St. Petersburg to Riga, where he will stay with some of his friends until the opening of his trial.

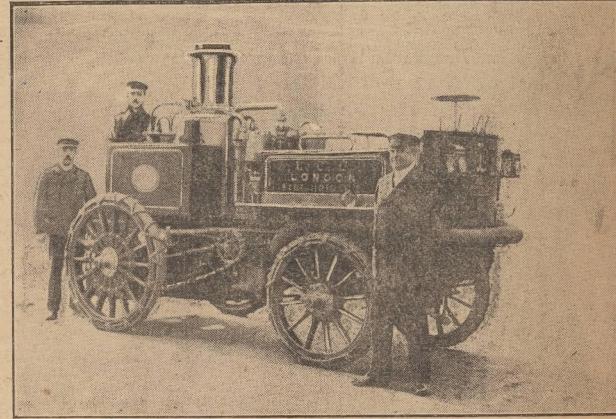
telephone service was partially dis-
temporarily disconnected through the
Mr. Gamble, the second officer
work of extinguishing the fire.

OAT FLEET.



hames on the slips at the Thames
ice will commence running at the
er copyright.)

THE LATEST MOTOR STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.



The London Fire Brigade is now testing the above motor fire-engine, which has been built to the order of the London County Council. It is capable of throwing a jet of water a distance of 190ft., and it can deliver 500 gallons of water per minute. Mr. Merryweather, the builder of the engine, is seen in the photograph on the right.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)

POLICE VICTIM.



Mlle. Lopukhoff, whose theatre
has just been closed by order
of the Russian police, on
account of her Socialistic
sympathies.

FROST-BITTEN ROME.



Being exposed to the north wind, the Tritone Fountain in Piazza Barberini in Rome is frozen at the first frost. Only twice, however, within the past ten years has it been completely covered with ice, as shown in the above photograph taken this week.

TSAR'S FAVOURITE GODSON.



Prince Boris of Bulgaria,
whom the Tsar has just ap-
pointed to be an officer of the
5th Minsk Regiment of
Russia.

BLUEBEARD II.

The Man of Forty Wives Unsuccessful in One Instance.

HYNOTIC INFLUENCE FAILS.

The One Widow Who Would Not Surrender Her Money.

In previous chapters we have told how Johann Hoch, the "Chicago Bluebeard," who is accused of having gone through the marriage ceremony with no fewer than forty women, went to the United States from Germany in 1894.

Settling in Milwaukee, he gained the confidence of a widow boarding-house keeper, married her for her savings, and, it is alleged, poisoned her.

Shortly afterwards he met an Italian professor of hypnotism, and learnt enough to influence his victims. In Chicago he married two women. One died under suspicious circumstances. The other he deserted, taking her money with him.

In 1897 Hoch had a narrow escape, and was arrested. There was insufficient evidence to convict, and he was released. Three months later he married again at Cincinnati, and once more his wife died mysteriously.

CHAPTER V.

Hoch remained at Cincinnati until after the funeral. His long immunity from the law made him brazen and callous. He invited some friends to the funeral and turned the occasion into a terrible débâcle.

"It's to drown my sorrow," he declared, with his ugly laugh.

Then once more he decided to go to Chicago. There's no place for making money or for fine women like Chicago," he told a bosom friend.

Arrived in Chicago he resorted to his old tactics.

Within a week he was installed in a German boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Caroline Schaefer. She was a woman of forty-three, whose husband had been dead some two years.

Strange to say, the German made little headway with her. He tried his utmost and used all the powers he had acquired.

"Play to me, Mr. Dotz," she said one evening. Dotz was the name he had adopted.

The man's character was curiously complex. Calm and brutal, he was passionately fond of music. He played the zither well, and had a pleasant though untrained baritone voice.

For an hour he sang and played to her. Then he put aside his instrument.

His head dropped on his hands. "If it were not for music," he said, "I could never stand this awful misery."

"What misery?" asked the widow sympathetically. The man's senses quickened instantly. It was the first time he had struck the chord of sympathy in the woman's nature.

"The misery of perpetual remembrance," he replied in a broken voice. "I cannot forget my dear wife."

He had gained a point, and was quick to follow. For a fortnight he appeared dejected, inconsol-

able. With devilish cunning he gradually allowed the woman to see that she was able to comfort him and to lessen his grief. Finally, he offered her "all that remained of a broken heart," and she accepted.

But Hoch, for once, had misjudged a woman. He found his wife shrewd and business-like. "Oh, no," she replied, when he suggested that he should take charge of her money, "it is in the lawyer's hands, and is quite safe."

Hoch was amazed. Never before had he failed. He became assiduous in his attentions, relieved his wife of many of her household duties, and finally suggested that she should sell the boarding-house and move into a comfortable flat he would furnish.

"There is no need for you to bother about money-making any longer," he urged. "I have enough."

She consented, and the boarding-house was sold.

No sooner were they settled in the flat than Mrs. Dotz became anxious to know something of the mythical business in Germany which Hoch chattered to.

A day or two later he brought a lawyer home and asked if she would like to make her will.

"Yes," she said. But there came a painful surprise when its terms were discussed.

Mrs. Dotz proposed to leave all her money to some nieces in Germany.

"You have no need of my few hundred dollars," she told her husband.

"Of course not, my dear," he replied, "but don't you think it would be better to arrange that in my will?"

The wife insisted, and Hoch for once found himself a beaten man.

Quickly he made his preparations, and a few days later fled to California.

His heart was sinking. He had been foiled. The terrible fear of the consequences of his crimes returned in full.

(To be continued.)

DO PLANTS FEEL?

Blossoms Which Were Sad for a Lost Flower Friend.

It has often been contended that plants can feel. Now a French socrat has gone one better and informed the world in all the seriousness of cold print that plants can feel emotions and are often sad.

He was watering the lobelias in his conservatory one morning when a feeling of the deepest melancholy came over him. Day after day the same feeling came upon him at the same time, and then he made a discovery.

His wife, it seems, had given away a pot of lobelia to a friend, and the other bereaved plants were sorrowing for their lost companion. The matter was beyond doubt.

Plants certainly do many strange things. There are plants which eat flies and are known to suffer from indigestion; others which at once open their blossoms to the bee, but close them agains the ant.

Darwin, the father of the great Darwin, wrote a book called "The Loves of the Plants." Once he remonstrated with a visitor who came down late for breakfast. "You should take a walk round the gardens before breakfast," he said.

"So I always do, sir," was the reply, "till I read your delightful book; but now I have a dread of intruding on the love affairs of the cabbages."

What with the sorrow of the lobelias and the love affairs of the cabbages, it looks as though those of tender conscience would have to give up vegetable as well as animal food. What would they eat?

containing hors d'oeuvres, and he quietly helped her to the one that she preferred.

A sudden pang of furious pain tore at her heart. It meant so much to her, that little, simple action, so little to him. It was probably purely by chance that he gave her a sardine instead of an anchovy, but it meant to her that he remembered even such a little thing as her taste in food.

Again in his company, in this intimate seclusion of a meal à deux in a crowded public place, it seemed that all the discipline and self-control of the last four years slipped from her and left her the emotional, impulsive, vivid creature she had been when they first came together in that beautiful spring-time. As of old, she stole a furtive glance at his fine, dark face, so utterly unchanged, so boyish still, and so silently, quietly strong; and, as of old, a mist of tears dimmed her eyes—only then they had been tears sweetened by the knowledge of his passion, and now they were tears embittered by long years of emptiness and soul-killing loneliness and indifference to all things on earth.

So, from the very first, without knowing it, Anthony Heron struck the wrong note in his renewed relations with the woman who, as far as he was concerned, might have been numbered among the dead.

Vanna saw that he looked up inquiringly, as she did not speak during that wild moment when the sea of memory surged over her. She dropped her eyes on her plate, and swallowed the lump in her throat, and said, with what calmness she could muster:—

"I feel just as you do, Tony, about our meeting. I—feel that we ought to be friends. You don't mind my calling you Tony, still?"

She raised her eyes then, and, occupied as his mind was with other thoughts, he could not help seeing the wild misery in them, the hopeless appeal to something that no longer existed. It made him

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MOTOR-CAR "STEERSMEN."

Allow me to suggest motor-car "steersmen" instead of "chauffeur," or "guidier."

A guider is one who leads. One does not lead a motor-car, but "steers" it. W. H. FURNISS. Marple (Cheshire).

MR. BERNARD SHAW ON MEN'S DRESS.

Sensible man, Mr. G. B. Shaw. He views life in the proper light, and realises dress does not make the man.

What a ridiculous headgear is a silk hat! Our heads were never intended to be placed in boxes of any description. The result in many cases is baldness and nervous disorders. E. KING.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND "ATHOL FORBES."

I see it widely stated that the Rev. Forbes Phillips ("Athol Forbes"), of Gorleston, is a brother of Mr. Stephen Phillips.

I well remember the latter as a schoolfellow at King's School, Peterborough, and knew all his family. "I feel certain the vicar of Gorleston is no connection whatever.

Grimsby. FRANK WALES BARRACLOUGH.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY IN IRELAND.

A week or two back a Roman Catholic priest was charged at Westport, Co. Mayo, with kicking on the legs in the streets a Protestant pamphlet-seller.

The assault was not denied, but nevertheless the priest was acquitted on the ground that the assault was justified, and he was escorted home by a brass band.

This is how the law is administered in Ireland. What would things be like for Protestants under Home Rule? W. T. TAYLOR. Thornton Heath.

WOMEN'S CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

Mrs. Perkins Gilman is anxious for women to work more than they do already, or rather, for more work to work.

What I would ask them to do is not to undress one another's labour. It is the commonest thing to find a woman with a home or an income of her own deliberately offering to work for a smaller wage than another less fortunate woman can live upon.

It is revolting. Have women no sense of solidarity, of decency even?

AN EMPLOYER OF WOMAN LABOUR.

CHANCE FOR TRADE UNIONISTS.

Your correspondent W. Geo. Burns may not have noticed in the *Daily Mirror* of February 20 the last few lines: "less than £9,000 was (in the interest of sport) shall I say?—squandered by spectators, presumably of the artisan class, to witness the playing of some eight football matches."

There need be no surprise as to distress or want of money when such large sums are got rid of in this way. JOHN E. HASWELL. Chester.

It is evident that Mr. W. Geo. Burns does not understand the principles of trade unionism. Otherwise he might know that trade unions are available for the assistance of men out of work, for the support of the sick, infirm, superannuated, and disabled members, and for giving aid to the families of those who die. A. WIGENS. Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

uneasy, and made his voice sound a little cold, for all its easy courtesy, when he answered:—

"Of course not. What else should you call me?"

"I am so much older than you—now," she said, with a hysterical little laugh.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed almost brusquely; and added, with deliberate earnestness:—"Vanna, you must not talk like that. We are going to be friends, and we must imagine that we met last week."

"I know—I know," she murmured; and then, suddenly, as women do, she drew strength from her very weakness, and turned a radiant face to him. "I am a fool," she said in her ordinary voice, which was hard and polished, and indescribably attractive. "I think I have a special talent for making things difficult," she added, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "But I don't mean to, Tony; really, I don't."

The man gave a little sigh of intense relief, and forthwith began to make himself agreeable, as he would to any ordinary acquaintance, chatting of all manner of things, telling her little stories of people, a little gossip, criticising, satirising, and all with the charming bonhomie for which he was famous.

But to Vanna it was all the time as if knives were piercing her heart. More keenly, more poignantly than ever she realised that what she had cried out in her first agony was true—she had never forgotten, she would never forget.

For a little while, after she had discovered that he had met her daughter in secret and made love to her, anger and indignation had swamped all other feelings. But that was over now. Time had passed. He had been amusing himself in ignorance. Now he had forgotten the girl's very existence.

And as she sat there opposite to him at the small table, with the clatter of knives and forks and the hum of gay, careless voices about her, and

(Continued on page II.)

BUY BETTER

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FIREMEN'S HI-HI-HI.

Famous Cry Will Soon Be Heard
No More in London.

HOOTERS AND GONGS.

What the Brigade Think of the New
Noise-making Inventions.

Passers-by in the Southwark Bridge-road the other day witnessed an interesting and, in fact, unique scene outside the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade.

It is no unusual thing for the inhabitants of this thoroughfare, close to the Lant-street of Bob Sawyer fame, to see the engines, horsed-escapes, and long ladders dash out of the station on their errand of usefulness and possible salvation, but on this occasion the onlookers had a more prolonged spectacle.

Captain Hamilton, R.N., the chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, with Mr. S. G. Gamble, the senior divisional officer (as he is now termed, instead of his old title, second officer), standing by his side, as well as other interested spectators, was making tests of new appliances, which are calculated to abolish the well-known "Hi! Hi!" of the London firemen as they are proceeding to a fire.

First one of the land steamers dashed out of the station and was galloped up the roadway to the accompaniment of the clanging of a huge bell, which was operated by one of the men seated on the engine. This is quite an innovation in the brigade, and can still be seen fixed on one of the steamers at the Southwark headquarters. Next came a Bayley horsed-escape and crew, one of whom whistled a big fog-horn from the side of the machine, by means of an air-pump.

LUNGS AGAINST MACHINERY.

This was followed by another steamer fitted with one of the new electric gongs.

The three machines were galloped up and down the roadway at full speed, bell, gong, and fog-horn all at work, and finally the men on the appliances joined in the discordant alarms with a great burst of "Hi! Hi! Hi!"

"What do you think of the new ideas?" queried a *Daily Mirror* representative to a group of amused-looking firemen.

"Well," said one, pointing to the big bell on the further steamer, "that arrangement there brings back vivid recollections of the Darktown Fire Brigade," and there was a burst of laughter.

"The siren reminds you of a fog at the Nore," said another, and a third added, "it's a pity the Council, instead of wasting money on this tom-foolish contraption, would not find a childless wife to occupy rooms to live in instead of only two."

"Ah, that's fact," added another, and then he proceeded, "You'll never beat the old 'Hi! Hi!' as long as you live. It's always ready to hand, or rather mouth, and it's wonderful to see the effect it has on the traffic. The people take up the cry a hundred yards in front of you, cabs and omnibuses and vans and carts clear off to the side of the street, and you can get along as slick as ever

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

the scent of roses and lilies in her nostrils, so did she. She was back in the past. This simple eating of a meal was so very full of reminiscence. Once or twice, when he, forgetting, reminded her carelessly that she liked such and such a dish, or flower, or colour, her heart beat so fast that she could hardly breathe, but she gave no sign, and he did not know, and, if he had known, he would only have been angry with her because she could not forget.

She heard his voice, and it was music in her ears, although the things he said were so different, and his thoughts were very far away. And, little by little, she yielded to his irresistible magnetism, and her spirits rose; she grew animated; she laughed at every trifles; she made gay and witty little speeches; she drained her glass of bubbling wine several times, and under the influence of his presence and the many curious and envious eyes fixed on her from all parts of the room and the excitement that was now such a rarity in her life, the thought for the very first time crept stealthily into her mind that changed the whole aspect of things and made her catch her breath with a sudden overwhelming emotion, so that she felt as if she must suffocate.

Was it not possible that he might come back to her? Never before had she dared to harbour such a stupendous and dazzling possibility. And yet he had sought her out; he had asked her to come here to-day. Interest in her could not be quite dead in him. Why should not love reawaken?

It was not a definite thought; it was a glow that spread over her whole being and brought a sudden hot flush to her cheeks and a light of deep, passionate longing into her eyes.

you like. Besides, directly you adopt a thing like that ding-dong electric toy you will get big firms who want to advertise themselves doing exactly the same thing, the same as they have done with the bells on the horses."

Inquiries in another direction seemed to bear out these views, and the general trend of opinion was undoubtedly in favour of the "Hi! Hi!"

"You know the dip from the north side of Southwark Bridge on to Lower Thames-street, and the rise on the other side up towards Cannon-street," said one fireman. "Well, at the rate we gallop down that hill to get up the other side we dash across Thames-street in about one second."

"What would happen if anything was coming either way along Thames-street if we didn't know that there is a point constable on duty at that particular spot, and give him a 'Hi! Hi!' directly we get to the brow of the hill, so that he can hold up the traffic?"

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

An Expert Explains Why He Thinks They
Can Never Succeed.

An authority on agriculture writes to us with reference to the article by Miss Edith Bradley, warden of the Lady Warwick Hostel, on small farming for women.

"I fear," he says, "Miss Bradley may unintentionally mislead a number of women, and cause them to spend what little they may have in a most unprofitable manner. I take exception to what she terms the 'Lighter branches of agriculture.'

"If by 'Market gardening' she means vegetable and strawberry-growing, I must say that, if careful inquiry is made of market gardeners, it will not be found to be a woman's employment.

"The work commences at a very early hour and ends late. The class of labourers employed at this work cannot be controlled by a woman."

"Dairy farming and dairy work I condemn as totally unfitted for a woman, unless she be a woman of the farming class, who has been brought up to it all her life, and has sons to help her."

"A woman cannot attend cattle markets, and buy and sell her cows, or buy a bull from time to time. In fact there are many details in dairy farming which a woman cannot well deal with. Pigs, which are the paying part of a dairy farm, cannot be sold or bought to advantage by a woman."

BERNARD SHAW ON HIMSELF.

The last and best feature of the second series of Court Theatre matinées arranged by Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Wedrenne is Mr. Bernard Shaw's skit on himself, called "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Mr. Shaw wrote this in his best burlesque mood, making fun of everything and especially of his own play, "Candida." Full of witty lines and oddly inserted situations, with a little clowning thrown in, and played by Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Granville Barker, and Mr. Poultion, it is amusing enough to please the most hardened pessimist.

Of the other two plays included in the Court programme, "The Pot of Broth" is a whimsical Irish trifle by Mr. W. B. Yeats; while "In the Hospital," a translation of a play by a Viennese author, is a pointless and very ugly study of dying patients in a hospital.

It is only to be commended in that it gives Mr. J. D. Bevin a splendid chance for some realistic acting. Mr. George Trollope also seizes his opportunity.

Just then she happened to meet his gaze, and found that his eyes were fixed on her face earnestly and searching, as if he were lost in contemplation. And suddenly he smiled, with a strange, faraway look in his eyes.

Her heart leaped. She breathed his name— "Tony! Tony!" But the sound did not reach his ears.

The next moment he was talking of ordinary things again. As a matter of fact, he had been looking to see if there were any resemblance between the mother and the daughter that had escaped him, and had found, to his intense satisfaction, that there was not a trace, except that both had the same wonderful eyes. That was why he had smiled—because there was so little in his Princess Blue Eyes of the woman who belonged to the past.

But the mischief was done, and from that moment Vanna Tempest was a different woman, possessed by one idea, and Joan would have been justified in looking upon her mother as an enemy if she could have seen what was in her heart.

It was he who introduced the girl's name. Vanna would never have mentioned her. She had as little thought for her now as she had had in the old days when she had been a tall, solemn-faced girl with a pigtail away at a boarding-school. But Tony, like all lovers, could not help talking about her, and felt a strange, secret kind of pleasure in speaking of her as if she were nothing to him, while all the time his heart was thrilling with the very thought of her.

"Your daughter," he said, "how does she like England?"

"Oh, Joan is perfectly happy," her mother answered carelessly. "She loves that poky country place where we are staying. Perhaps you haven't heard—Lady Betty has lent us a house. Joan has a great chum living near—a boy who was a great friend of hers in Paris. They take long walks

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

The Woman's Part.

In France the popularity of a minister often depends on the tact and amiability displayed by his wife at the official receptions, dinner-parties, and fêtes, where she must never forget a name, or be too polite to anyone, or not polite enough to someone else—"Femina" (Paris).

Overhead London.

Forty thousand miles of overhead wires, it is stated, now exist in the City. All important, therefore, is it that a strict watch should be kept over delict wires, and that the authorities should exercise the utmost vigilance in seeing that those in use are properly maintained.—"City Press."

The Agony of Shopping.

When in doubt while choosing a dress, don't choose. This maxim can be adhered to by the strong-minded. It is the mistakes which discover themselves afterwards, that wreck our careers in real life, and drive us crazy (and make us bad-tempered and extravagant), in the world of dress.—"Queen."

No More Reverence.

On all hands to-day there is heard a plaintive wail throughout the land over the decay of the sentiment of reverence, of worship. No trousers—so the tailors assert—get worn out nowadays at the knees through habitual prostration before whatsoever an altar, heroic or divine.—"Boston Globe."

The Poison of Influenza.

Since influenza has established itself as a permanent scourge in this country we have had only too frequent opportunities of observing the disturbing effects of its toxins upon the heart. These disturbances must in all probability be ascribed to the action of the poison of influenza upon the nervous apparatus of the heart.—The "Lancet."

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"The Coming-in of March."

Tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles
Warily March cometh in, hoarse with tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and 'thwart all
The hollows and angles
Round the shuddering house, breathing of winter
and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres
that lift

Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life and mine some presence or dream or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes—

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the briar,
Leafless there by the door, trembles the sense of a rose.

W. D. HOWELLS.

Mr. George Edwardes has arranged to give, at Daly's Theatre, on Thursday, March 9, an extra matinée performance of the "Cingales," which on Saturday will have run for a year, and which is shortly to be withdrawn.

together, and he wants to teach her to ride and to paint her portrait."

Anthony Heron smiled quietly to himself. He hated the cold, callous way she spoke of the being who was in his eyes of more importance than all the other women in the world put together; but it was his policy to win her in order to use her for his own ends.

Vanna went on speaking, lowering her voice to a sympathetic murmur.

"Tony," she said, "I have not seen you since that time. I have often wanted to tell you how sorry I was. I am sure it was Joan's fault. She is a foolish child, and very impressionable, and I daresay you said things in fun and she took them in earnest, and, of course, you couldn't know. I am afraid she made things very awkward for you."

"Don't speak about it, please. It can do no good." His voice sounded cold, despite his efforts to make it natural. In that moment he came near to hating her.

"I don't want to speak about it any more," she said. "I only wanted you to know that I understand."

"And does she understand?" he asked.

"There was never any question of her understanding," the woman said harshly. "She was a child. But, of course, she has forgotten you by now."

"You still think it is impossible?" he asked boldly.

"What is impossible?"

"That I should marry her."

"Tony! How can you?" She fixed him with a strange glance, hard and passionate at the same time.

"Of course," he said quietly. He had wanted to probe her mind. He found that the fight would be a fierce one, and that he must use strategy at first.

(Continued on page 132.)

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WHY PARENTS DISCOURAGE LONG BETROTHALS FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS.

ARE LONG ENGAGEMENTS DESIRABLE?

GIRLS WHO WAIT ONLY TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

I think not. It is one of the subjects about which women who are nearly past their twenties usually think very strongly, and with a decided leaning towards disapprobation.

There are people who say long engagements are to be recommended because they help a man and a woman to understand each other, to get used to each other's ways, and to find out if their tastes are in common.

There is, perhaps, something in favour of this, but scarcely sufficient to warrant an engagement of many years.

Two Susceptible Ages.

Take the case of a young man of twenty-two and a girl of eighteen, two very susceptible ages, who have fallen in love. The young man is not in a position to keep a wife, and the chances are that he will not be so for twelve or fourteen years. The girl is young, and at eighteen one can be very much in love—for a little while; but four times out of six it is not a very lasting affection.

The girl of this age is romantic, rarely practical. She creates a hero in her own mind, a hero formulated from some "lovely story" she has been reading. She conjectures in her mind's eye how her hero must look, act, and live. Her mind becomes so imbued with this that the first man she meets and in whom she feels interested she weaves her imagination round him, and in him she can see the dawning of her "real" hero.

The man of her dream and the real man may be as far apart as the poles, but love is blind, and like money, covers a multitude of sins. They become engaged. Marriage, they quite understand, is a thing of the future. This does not worry them; they are young, and can wait.

A Different Light.

But the years go on and on, and the prospects at twenty-six are not quite so rosy as they were at eighteen. With the passing of time passes the romance of the ideal. She looks at things in a different light. The ideal and the real run in parallel grooves, always side by side, never together. The ideal is the "silver lining" to the real, and so long as the ideal can be retained so long will the real appear ideal.

But in eight years her nature has changed. She thinks more practically, feels more keenly, and sees further ahead. She has attained the power of dissecting and analysing. Gradually thoughts force themselves upon her that she is getting older—that in a few years she will thirty. The time spent with her sweetheart has been pleasant, but the possibility of marriage is as far off as ever it was.

The chances are she has refused other offers. Her girl friends are mostly all married. A pin-head of dissatisfaction creeps in—so tiny that oftentimes it is forgotten. It has taken firm root, and is slowly growing. At thirty it dominates her life.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

Coffee was served, and he handed her a cigarette. "What are you going to do?" he asked abruptly. "When?"

"Now—immediately—in the future."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall travel again," she said, "when Joan is married."

"She is going to be married?"

"The Duke of St. Peter's," said Vanna, "has that rare quality—constancy."

"She is going to marry him?"

"Of course. Don't you see, it is the only thing for her to do?"

"If she doesn't care for him?"

"She doesn't know her own mind. He is a perfectly charming fellow, and will make her the best of husbands. Of course, she will marry him." On a sudden impulse, half understood, but full of feminine cunning, she added: "I have noticed things lately. She is beginning to know her own mind. Of course, she will marry him."

"I see," said the man dryly.

"Don't you see, Tony," the woman asked feverishly, "that it is the very best thing for her?"

"Of course," he assented, "it would be an excellent thing for her."

But, again, he smiled quietly to himself, and he felt no pang or regret for the deception he was practising on her.

"But before your daughter marries," he asked, after a moment's pause, "what are you going to do?" She ignored everything but the flattering interest in his tone. What he had said about Joan had not affected her. She looked up upon his attitude with mere perversity. He had accepted the announcement of the girl's probable marriage with the calmest acquiescence. She believed that his question as to whether she still thought it impossible that he should marry her daughter was concerned with her own feelings, and nothing else. She was beginning to believe exactly what she wanted to believe.

She looks back on the years she has been engaged as a mistake.

Her lover is not quite so attentive as he was. She realises she is getting old. Her first youth is past. Her complexion is not so radiant—there are faint traces of crow's feet about her eyes. She is tired of the game of engagement.

She wants a home of her own. She cannot help showing a little of the bitterness of hope deferred

to her sweetheart. He can't understand it. He does not realise that he has taken the best part of her life, or, if he does realise it, he cannot see the selfishness of it. He has done his best to get a home for her, but Fate has not been kind to him. It is not his fault, so on it goes.

Her dissatisfaction increases, and in time her lover finds her attractions are not so great as they once were, and she compares unfavourably with

younger girls. He feels a brute for thinking so, but it is better to find out before they are married whether his affections have not changed. The girl, who has now grown a woman, feels the alteration in him instinctively, and fears. It is only the beginning of the end.

A younger face and a lighter heart has waded him away, and the years of faithful waiting are rewarded by the fact that he has found someone more suited to him, and, as this someone has no intention of waiting for years, he is going to marry her in a couple of months on just what they can scrape together.

This is not always the end of a long engagement, but it occurs so often, that it should be a warning. After two years' courtship lovers know as much of each other as they would know after fourteen years.

Long engagements are often the outcome of infatuation, not real love, and when the glamour has worn off the mistake is apparent, but honour forbids the breaking of the bond, and so the years roll on, for the impetus of fulfilment is lacking. When it is too late it comes, but not from the source it should.

Long engagements, then, are a snare and delusion, and should not be entered into without great deliberation. "Happy is the woom that's not long adoin'" is an old saying and one that has ample truth in it.

M. M.

SAVOURY SANDWICHES.

INGREDIENTS.—Three-pennyworth of cream, three tea-spoonsful of salmon or shrimp paste, half a teaspoonful of mustard, a few drops of tarragon, salt and pepper, thin slices of brown bread.

Whip the cream till it is just stiff, then stir the fish paste lightly into it; also the parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Spread the mixture on the slices of bread, press two slices together, and stamp the sandwiches into round nests with a plain cutter. Sprinkle a little "Coralline" pepper on each, and serve them on a lace paper.

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THE SHADOWS OF LONDON

BEGINS in the
EVENING NEWS.

LEINSTER AND THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Moifaa at Newmarket—His Probable Jockey—F. Hartigan Seriously Injured.

PLUMPTON STEEPECHASES.

Several horses of the front rank among jumpers were engaged yesterday. Kirkland turned out in the Castle Steeplechase and Ludlow and Cullum readied their beat such a numberless opponents. Sammard, who started at the Southwell Hunt meeting Mart Time had a mere exercise gallop to the Bleasby National Hunt Flat Race.

* * *

Leinster has been struck out of the Sandown Park Gold Cup. It is stated that Sir Thomas Galway has called in another jockey, who rode the horse in the Irish Leinster is not to keep any engagement before the Grand National, so this disposes, among other matters, of the horse's projected meeting with Desert Chief at Hurst Park.

* * *

The King's "chaser, Moffaa, continues to do good work at Newmarket. By the way, Mr. Anthony the well-known jockey, who rode the horse in the Irish Leinster is not to keep any engagement before the Grand National, so this disposes, among other matters, of the horse's projected meeting with Desert Chief at Hurst Park.

* * *

Visitors to Plumpton had a really good time yesterday, as the weather was of an enjoyable character, and some exciting contests were seen. Sporting Hurdle, Hump, Hurdle, second and third, accident to the first finisher, E. Hartigan, who had more than his share of accidents of late. He was riding Proud Beauty, and some twenty yards behind the final hurdle, when on the flat, in endeavouring to come between Deseo and Buller, his mount fell and King Bold rolled over him.

* * *

W. Rollason, the rider of King Bonny, was quickly up, but Hartigan was taken to the ambulance room, where the doctor reported no bone broken, but discovered severe internal bruises. Hartigan was consciousness, but unable to speak. The rest of the race was the victory of Buller, Deseo, who, on returning to the paddock, was found to be severely cut.

* * *

The Findon Steeplechase saw a triumph of professional riding from Mr. Dunn on Lye Lees, got up on the post and smacked the verberation by a half. Tom Captain Tudor on Redemeer, known as a favorite, goes from bad to worse, but Reservist managed to struggle into third place. Lord Brand, an even-money chance, despite the vigorous efforts of Dunn, could not stall the effort. Tom Captain Tudor, on the final Hurdle, Owston Wood fell, and Mr. Bulice got a nice bump on the head. The Southover Steeplechase only partly supported, but, to the consternation of all, he was the victor. At the first fence, and George Fordham beat Partridge, St. Leger, Companion, Zulu, Trusty James, by taking the Chassey Hurdle Race, brought of a nice double for Mr. Bancroft.

* * *

At the Ludlow Club meeting to-day Flory & Cuba may win the Novices' Hurdle, Outsider the Knighton Flat Race, and Autuba the Only Steeplechase.

GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

PLUMPTON.—TUESDAY.

2.0.—SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 70 sots;

Mr. W. G. Watson's BULLER, 1st 70s. Two miles.

Mr. R. Gore's DESEO, aged 12st 10lb. 70s. Two miles.

Mr. H. H. Hyde's MARLBOROUGH SWELL, 4yrs.

10st 7lb. Two miles.

Also ran: Little, Five (aged, 12st 2lb); Peer Gyst (5yrs, 11st 2lb); Deseo (10st 12lb); King Bonny (aged, 10st 10lb); Melverley (4yrs, 10st 7lb);

(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Deseo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Deseo, 5 to 1 Buller, 7 to 1 Little Fives.

100 to 8 Marlborough Swell, and 2 to 1 others.

—Sportman's Prices: 10 to 8 agst Deseo, 10 to 1 Deseo, 100 to 7 Marlborough Swell. Won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

2.30.—FINDON STEEPECHASE (Handicap) on 80 sots.

Mr. A. Short's LY LEES, 1st 70s (10st 10lb) 80s. Three miles.

Captain H. H. Tudor's REDEEMER, aged 11st Owner 2 Mr. H. G. Johnson's RESERVIST, 5yrs. 10st 13lb.

Also ran: Snowdon (aged, 10st 10lb); Minie (5yrs, 10st 7lb); (Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Deseo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Deseo, 5 to 1 Buller, 7 to 1 Little Fives.

100 to 8 Marlborough Swell, and 2 to 1 others.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a head; six lengths between second and third.

3.0.—PLUMPTON HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 80 sots.

Mr. J. Bancroft's MAURE QUEEN II, aged 11st 8lb.

Mr. B. Bishop's GLENFIELLA, 4yrs, 10st 10lb. Dunn 1

Freedman's 3

Also ran: Instaglo (5yrs, 12st 7lb); Tom Tucker (5yrs, 11st 2lb); Owston Wood (5yrs, 10st 12lb);

Deseo (10st 10lb); Dender (4yrs, 10st 7lb); King Bonny (aged, 10st 10lb); Melverley (4yrs, 10st 7lb);

(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Deseo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Deseo, 5 to 1 Buller, 7 to 1 Little Fives.

100 to 8 Marlborough Swell, and 2 to 1 others.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a head; six lengths between second and third.

3.30.—SOUTHOVER SELLING HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 100 sots; winner to be sold for 50 sots. Two miles.

Captain H. F. Watson's GEORGE FORDHAM, aged.

11st 2lb. 100s. Two miles.

Mr. H. Bonar's ZULU, 5yrs. 10st 13lb.

Mr. E. Woodland's OLEASTER, aged, 11st 2lb. 80s.

Also ran: Instaglo (5yrs, 12st 7lb); Riving River (5yrs, 10st 2lb); Partridge (4yrs, 11st 8lb); Littleton (5yrs, 10st 13lb);

(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Instaglo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Instaglo, 5 to 1 Zulu, 7 to 1 Oleaster.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a length; eight lengths between second and third.

4.0.—CHAILEY HURDLE RACE of 100 sots. Two miles.

Mr. J. Bancroft's TRUTHFUL ZAMPIERI, 4yrs, 10st.

Bullers 1

Mr. R. Whurr's WINKFIELD'S CHARM, 6yrs, 11st 7lb. Dunn 3

(Winner trained by Filton).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 6 to 4 agst Truthful.

Zampero's 6 to 4 agst Winkfield's Charm, and 1 to 1.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a length; eight lengths between second and third.

4.25.—STANMER STEEPECHASE of 70 sots. Two miles. Capt. M. Hughes's INVERURIE, 4yrs, 10st 10lb. Donnelly 1 Mr. J. Hornsby's SANCTIMONIUS, 4yrs, 10st 3lb.

Mr. Delagrange's HALLGATE, aged, 12st 10lb. Bennett 2 Also ran: Suspension (5yrs, 11st 2lb); Hi Hi (5yrs, 10st 2lb); Brown Eyes (5yrs, 10st 12lb);

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

WINNERS AND PRICES AT SOUTHWELL.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

WINNERS AND PRICES AT LUDLOW.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

LUDLOW.

NOVICES' HURDLE RACE of 300 sots. Two miles.

Flor di Cuba 5 12 1 Alcens 5 11

Sund Bell 5 11 2 St. Edmunds 5 11

Nonpareil 5 11 3 Fife 5 11

Templar 5 11 4 Ruddy River 4 10

Altrame 5 11 5 Marozzo 4 10

Albion 5 11 6 Marquess 4 10

King's Birthday 5 11 7 Kalmia 4 10

Kilgash 5 11 8

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

CAYNHAM HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 sots.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

FELTON HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 100 sots.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

KNIGHTON FLAT RACE of 40 sots. Two miles.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

ELSTRETT HURDLE RACE of 100 sots.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

FLUTTER HURDLE RACE of 100 sots.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

GRAND NATIONAL.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

KNIGHTON FLAT RACE of 40 sots. Two miles.

Sporting Life. Prices: 7 to 4 agst Hallgate.

3 to 1 Inverurie, 7 to 2 Brown Eyes, 5 to 1 Hi Hi, 10 to 1 Suspension.

—Sportman's Prices: 2 to 1 Hallgate, 3 to 1 Inverurie, 10 to 1 Sanctimonius. Won by six lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

(Run Lincolnshire March 28. One mile.)

10 to 1 agst Cardas, 5yrs, 11st 7lb (t and o). Brewster 100—5

—GRAND NATIONAL.

(Run Friday, March 31. About four miles and 86 yards. Three miles.)

10 to 1 agst Moifaa, 5yrs, 11st 7lb (t and o). R. Marsh 100—5

Leinster, 7yrs, 12st 7lb (t) Sir C. Nugent 100—5

Kirkland, 5yrs, 11st 5lb (t and o) Mr. J. Cannon 100—5

Palmerston, 5yrs, 11st 12lb (t) Mr. H. Martin 100—5

Aspects & Silver, 5yrs, 10st 5lb (t). Pershore 100—5

Dathy, 5yrs, 9st 10lb (t). McNaughton 50—1

Shannon Lass, 10yrs, 10st 15lb (t) A. Clement 50—1

LINCOLNSHIRE SCRATCHINGS.

Asfordby Handicap, Salutation—James 1st.

Golspie, Standard—Lester 1st.

All engagements—Yearly—Chassey.

All engagements—Pieces of Eight and Broxbro.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The annual competition for the military doubles championship will commence at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, on Monday next.

The negotiations for a match between Towns and Stanley for the professional sculling championship of the world have failed, states a Reuter's telegram from Sydney.

Despite a gale of wind and rain, the H. G. Freeman's

Scottish International officers played an excellent game in the Biarritz Golf Club's competition for the Shand Mantel on Monday. He won with a score of 80.

A five miles' running match has been arranged between the well-known veteran amateur, E. F. Vowles (of the Golden Harriers) and O. Way (of the H. G. Freeman's).

Mr. E. Woodland's OLEASTER, aged, 11st 2lb. 80s.

Also ran: Instaglo (5yrs, 12st 7lb); Riving River (5yrs, 10st 2lb); Partridge (4yrs, 11st 8lb); Littleton (5yrs, 10st 13lb);

(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Instaglo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Instaglo, 5 to 1 Zulu, 7 to 1 Oleaster.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a head; six lengths between second and third.

3.0.—SOUTHOVER SELLING HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 100 sots; winner to be sold for 50 sots. Two miles.

Captain H. F. Watson's GEORGE FORDHAM, aged.

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(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Truthful.

Zampero's 6 to 1 to 1.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a length; eight lengths between second and third.

4.0.—CHAILEY HURDLE RACE of 100 sots. Two miles.

Mr. J. Bancroft's TRUTHFUL ZAMPIERI, 4yrs, 10st.

Bullers 1

Mr. R. Whurr's WINKFIELD'S CHARM, 6yrs, 11st 7lb. Dunn 3

(Winner trained by Filton).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 6 to 4 agst Truthful.

Zampero's 6 to 1 to 1.

—Sportman's Prices: Agree with the foregoing. Won by a length; eight lengths between second and third.

4.0.—PLUMPTON HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 80 sots.

Mr. J. Bancroft's MAURE QUEEN II, aged, 11st 8lb.

Mr. J. F. Appleby's LORD BRAND, 6yrs, 12st 4lb. Dunn 1

Freedman's 1

Also ran: Instaglo (5yrs, 12st 7lb); Tom Tucker (5yrs, 11st 2lb); Littleton (5yrs, 10st 13lb); King Bonny (aged, 10st 10lb); Melverley (4yrs, 10st 7lb);

(Winner trained by Burbridge).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 7 to 4 agst Instaglo.

Beauty, 100 to 50 Instaglo, 5 to 1 Zulu, 7 to 1 Oleaster.

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